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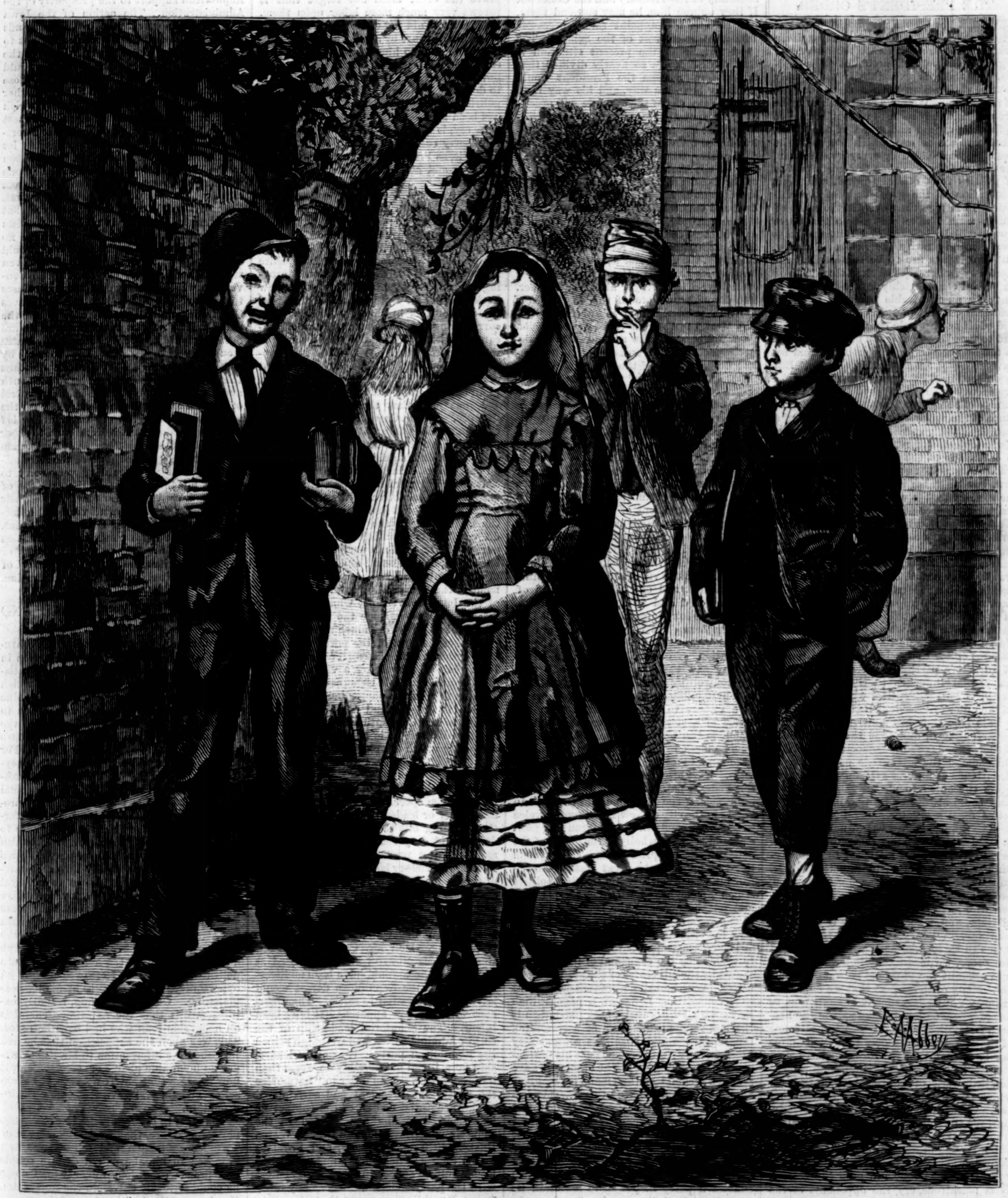

THE REIGNING BELLE.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 570.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a beautiful double-page engraving, entitled "What's That?" and other attractive features.*

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THE PRESIDENT'S ORDER.

THERE has been a very positive protest in a powerful section of the Republican press against the President's recent order in regard to the political action of office-holders, but there is undoubtedly an equally general satisfaction with it upon the part of the voters. We have read with care the protests, and they seem to us to misconceive both the purpose and spirit of the order. That purpose is one which ought to be heartily commended by every good citizen, for it is nothing less than the emancipation of politics from official control, and their restoration to the great body of the citizens. It is true that even if the mass of voters should take part in politics there would still be leaders, and that the mass would merely ratify the action of a few. But two things are to be considered. Almost any leadership is better than that of an official class selfishly interested; and if there be an inevitable tendency to venal leadership, it is the duty of the Executive and of all good people constantly to oppose and thwart it. There may be a question as to the best method of thwarting it, and we have no doubt whatever that there is. But the object itself, the purpose sought in the President's order, involves the peaceful continuity of the government; and the importance of the order is that it is the work of a man thoroughly convinced of the necessity of the object, and resolute and courageous to enforce it to the fullest practicable degree. The substance of the order is not new, but its value is in the confidence of the country that it will be executed. General GRANT issued an executive order to the effect that political activity would not determine official tenure. But very few persons believed that it would be enforced, and General GRANT himself constantly and flagrantly disregarded it, finally permitting a member of his own cabinet officially to conduct a party campaign. Mr. WEBSTER, also, as General HARRISON'S Secretary of State, issued a circular in which the President declared that he would remove no honest and faithful officer unless he had "been guilty of an active partisanship," or had "given his official influence to the purposes of party." This is identical with the purport of the order of President HAYES.

It is true that Mr. WEBSTER'S order was never enforced, and that the Whigs, imitating the JACKSON Democrats, foolishly surrendered the advantage of position as the friends of a purer system. Their managers consented to play a game in which they could always be beaten, because they relied upon a greater general intelligence, and that intelligence would not acquiesce in making politics a mere scramble for plunder. It is, once for all, sheer folly for Republican managers to imitate the Whigs, and insist that the abuse must continue, because there are always enough Republicans who have all the courage of their convictions, and who insist that it shall not continue. When we say that the protest seems to us to misconceive the purpose of the order, we mean that it does not take into account the practical reason of the order. Many of the papers that we have seen argue, for instance, that it is monstrous to forbid office-holders to take part in the necessary detailed work of politics, and one of the protestants declares that such an order is mere tyranny. Now we have constantly insisted that participation in the detailed work of politics is a duty from which no citizen can properly excuse himself. We hold no conviction more strongly. But, for the very reasons that we hold it, we insist that office-holders, under the existing system of appointment, ought not to take that active part exactly because of the "tyranny" that they are able to exercise. It is monstrous, cry the opponents of the order, that office-holders should not be allowed to go to conventions and sit on committees. But do these opponents think it is any less monstrous that office-holders should go to conventions and into committees armed with rewards and punishments to carry their objects, which those who are not office-holders can not have, and which the office-holders have only because they hold places under the government? "Give the office-holders a fair chance at the game," cry these gentlemen; and they know, as we know, and as all men familiar with the facts know, that in this "game," at which a fair chance is demanded for them, the office-holders play with loaded dice. There are but two ways in which to deal with them. Take the lead out of their dice, or prohibit their playing. The President prohibits their playing, probably because he does not clearly see how to unload their dice. When he sees how that is to be done, he will doubtless permit them to play again. It is undoubtedly true that he is not absolute in the matter, but he must do what he can. The President can enforce his rule in a custom-house for instance, only through the Secretary of the Treasury and the Collector. If they oppose him, he may suspend them, but he can not appoint their successors without the consent of the Senate. The good fortune of the present situation is that the Senate is so nearly divided that for obvious reasons the President would probably have his way, and his way is to take politics out of the despotic and practically irresponsible control of office-holders.

Look at the facts. In the New York Custom-house there are twelve or thirteen hundred places, which are filled by the Secretary of the Treasury upon the nomination of the Collector. There are four chiefs in the Custom-house, nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate—the Collector, Surveyor, Naval Officer, and Appraiser. Of these four, three are members of the State Committee: the Naval Officer is its chairman, the Appraiser is, or recently was, head of its Executive Committee, of which committee the Surveyor also is a member. The Republican vote of the city of New York in primaries and in all the initiatory work of politics is cast by six or seven thousand persons, who are members of district associations, organized by the city Central Committee. Of the one hundred and fifty-eight members of this committee, according to the list of last year, ninety-two were office-holders; ten of the twenty-five members of the Executive Committee were office-holders, and of the seven members of the Committee on Resolutions five were office-holders. Every member of an association is pledged to sustain all regular party action, and all such action emanates only from this committee. This committee is the instrument of the Custom-house through the patronage, and no member is admitted to any association except upon very careful inquiry. The members of the associations are the only Republicans who are authorized to vote for delegates to State Conventions, and out of a convention of four hundred and twenty-three members, the associations immediately controlled by office-holders elect fifty-nine, who are always substantially the same men. The organization, of course, extends into Kings County and through the State, and thus the controlling power of the party action, which Republican voters must support or give victory to the Democrats, is in the hands of a close corporation, the seat of which is the Custom-house and other national offices in New York. In Massachusetts and in other States it is much the same. This organization is maintained by the Federal patronage, and it is virtually invincible. The fifty thousand Republican voters in the city of New York have no voice in selecting candidates or determining policies, and they are wholly at the mercy of the official political priesthood. This system has two results: the great mass of American citizens withdraw from active politics which are managed with merely personal and selfish ends, and the country is taxed to the amount of millions of dollars to support the organization of a political party.

The enormous power which is thus illicitly wielded by the command of patronage is shown by the advocates of the system themselves. With amusing unconsciousness that it is committing hari-kari, a paper which holds, with Dr. JOHNSON, that patriotism is the last refuge or pretense of a scoundrel, innocently remarks that it is a great pity JOHN QUINCY ADAMS did not use his patronage for himself: "He might otherwise have served a second term, and made his brilliant Secretary of State, HENRY CLAY......his successor for eight years longer." Undoubtedly; and that is the unanswerable reason for destroying the system. Presidents must not be allowed to re-elect themselves. JEFFERSON, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, BENTON, and CLAY himself, all agreed that the present system enables a party in power to maintain its ascendency by bribery and corruption. In face of these notorious and disgraceful and discouraging facts, an intimation from the President that he will not countenance so gross and deadly an abuse is denounced as tyranny. He is a tyrant, then, for insisting that all citizens shall be secured equal rights in politics by prohibiting unfair advantages to office-holders. This, at least, is a tyranny in which all good citizens will rejoice, and which will be opposed chiefly by those who have loaded dice in their pockets. The method of obtaining the result which the President has selected probably seemed to him the most prompt and simple. For the same purpose, however, an end which must be achieved, we should probably have chosen another method. We should have unloaded the dice by preventing political appointments in the minor positions, which is the tap-root of the evil of the present system. Pending such a measure, however, the President's order shows that he means to deal with the mischief of official management of politics, and that is a purpose in which the patriotic good sense of the country will support him. But those who sustain and approve the order must not forget that it throws very much more labor upon them. They can not aid the cause which the President has at heart by applauding him merely. We can help him only by undertaking each man his share of the work, which is now prohibited to those who have hitherto done it. "Office-holding interference in politics and elections," against which there has been so vehement and so long unheeded a cry, is not to be abolished except by the hearty co-operation of a President who means it, as President HAYES does, with intelligent and active citizens who know its necessity.

REPUBLICAN DISCONTENT.

THE Republican Convention of Iowa has indirectly condemned the President. The Republican House in the New Hampshire Legislature has tabled a resolution approving his course. Senator CONKLING, of New York, leaving for Europe, and all the chief national officers in the city of New York surrounding him, conspicuously and significantly omitted to speak a word of sympathy or approbation. At the ROBESON banquet in New Jersey, although the President of the United States was toasted, it was plain enough from what was said and what was not said that the feeling was not friendly. Messrs. CAMERON, father and son, CHANDLER, BUTLER, and BLAINE are known to disapprove his action. The Woodstock demonstration is significant. The Republican party press, in large part, deplores the recent order in regard to the participation of office-holders in active politics, and apprehends a consequent loss of the autumn elections. The signs are unmistakable of a deep and wide dissatisfaction in a certain part of the Republican party, and none the less of profound pleasure and content among other Republicans and an important element of the Democratic party. The action of the Iowa Convention, whatever it may forecast, can not change the fact that the President adheres very much more faithfully to the platform of the party than that Convention itself. The silver plank of the Iowa platform, involving a virtual breach of the public faith, is repugnant to the traditional tone of the party, its Southern resolution is evasive and deceitful, and the silence of the Convention in regard to administrative reform is an abandonment of the policy which the party loudly professed and demanded until a President took it at its word.

Nor can the action of the Iowa Convention, nor the speech nor the silence of any newspaper or leader, change the other fact, that nothing but the hope that the President would do precisely what he has done and is doing prevented an indisputable Democratic victory last autumn. The course of things for the last few years had alienated from the Republicans an indispensable vote, and the only possible chance for the party lay in the upright, patriotic, and constitutional policy which President HAYES is pursuing. Had Mr. CONKLING or Mr. BLAINE or Mr. MORTON been nominated at Cincinnati, there would have been no Electoral Bill, for the Republican defeat would have left no question to settle. The difference which is now apparent has long been latent. The Senatorial leadership of the GRANT Administration had well-nigh ruined the Republican party. If another leadership fails, it can not possibly do worse than its predecessor. If, in order to "harmonize the party," the President had surrendered to the Senatorial dislike of the cabinet he had selected; if he had yielded to the counsels and convictions of Messrs. WADE, BLAINE, BUTLER, GARRISON, and PHILLIPS in his Southern measures; and if he had been afraid to engage in the present contest with the party "machine"—does any intelligent Republican suppose that the party would have been more united or the President stronger than he is now? It is undeniable that discontent and indignation may lead to sullen inactivity, which may defeat the Republicans in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. But had the President taken any other course than the one that he ought to have taken and has taken, the Republican defeat in those States would have been overwhelming. The sole Republican hope of the future lies in the steady persistence of the Administration in the way upon which it has entered, because that way is the proof to the country that the spirit of the party is patriotic and progressive. Should the Administration hesitate, should its sincerest friends see that it was doubting whether to resume the bayonet in the South, or to abandon a thorough reform of the system of civil appointments, it would be lost, and the Republican party with it.

It is very true that an Administration can do little in a country of parties without party support, but it is no less true that identification with the Administration is now quite as necessary to Republican success as Republican support to the prosperity of the Administration. The action of the Iowa Convention merely raises in honest minds a doubt whether, if the President is not to be sustained by his party, he will have the courage to persevere. And as yielding would be the surrender of the good cause, those honest minds will be driven to ask whether it is worth while to support a party which deserts a President who is doing his highest duty. So in Pennsylvania we see it asserted that the Messrs. CAMERON intend to let the Democrats carry the State, "as a lesson to the President." If this should be done without a protest in the Convention from those who approve the President's course, the unavoidable conclusion would be that in Pennsylvania there is no Republicanism but Cameronism; and those who have no hope of good results from Cameronism would see no hope in a party which did not even struggle with it. Every Republican Convention which directly or indirectly refuses to approve the Administration, announces that its just and constitutional course in the South and its reforms in the civil service are not the Republican policy. How many States would be recovered or saved to the party by that declaration? Do the Iowa Republicans think that the President's policy in the South and his prohibition of office-holding control of politics are not Republican, and that the remonetization of the old silver dollar is? It is easy to find fault in detail and to sneer at imperfect appreciation and inadequate performance upon the part of the Administration. But we should be very sorry to know that the intelligent Republicans of Iowa supposed that the platform of their Convention, silent upon all vital and immediate issues but one, and wrong upon that, is a better or more persuasive declaration with which to appeal to the patriotism of the country than one of hearty approval of the good beginnings of the Administration.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND TWEED'S STATEMENT.

THE report of Attorney-General FAIRCHILD to the Governor upon his action in the TWEED case is frank, manly, and satisfactory. There were two points in which the public were interested: first, the value of the proposed testimony which was to procure TWEED'S release; and second, the political use that has been made of TWEED'S alleged confession by Mr. JOHN KELLY. For this the public properly held the Attorney-General responsible. To him, the chief prosecuting officer of the State, a State criminal who has had wide political relations proposes to turn State's evidence, and to furnish proof which will enable the State to recover part of its property, and to punish offenders hitherto unknown. Pending his decision, which was finally adverse, statements in the paper injurious to political opponents of Mr. JOHN KELLY, an active partisan of the Attorney-General's party, are made public by Mr. KELLY, so that, when the Attorney-General's decision is made, the only result of the offer of TWEED is a stab at the reputation of the Attorney-General's political opponents. Here was plainly an opportunity and a necessity of distinct explanation. Our own opinion, recently expressed, was that the Attorney-General is an honorable man who had been betrayed. This was upon the supposition that he had furnished the information to Mr. KELLY under an honorable pledge of secrecy. But it now appears that Mr. TOWNSEND, the counsel of TWEED, first gave Mr. KELLY the information.

The facts in brief, as recited by the Attorney-General, are, that when the subject of TWEED'S confession and release was first proposed to him, he stated certain simple and proper conditions under which alone he could seriously entertain the suggestion. He also consulted with a few public officers, including the City Comptroller, Mr. KELLY, upon the general question of using TWEED as a witness. But it was not until the 17th of April, at eleven o'clock in the morning, in Albany, that TWEED's statement was put into his hands, and it was already substantially published from information furnished by Mr. KELLY in the New York *World* of that morning. According to this version, all the knowledge that Mr. KELLY had from the Attorney-General was a statement of the general nature of the testimony that TWEED must offer to furnish, with corroboration, before his proposition would even be considered. The Attorney-General adds that he did not suppose that it was necessary to request secrecy, as the rule and practice in such cases are well known. Upon his assertion of these facts, which will not be questioned, the Attorney-General is acquitted of all responsibility for the publication in the *World*, and the consequent injury to the reputation of political opponents.

So in regard to his subsequent advisers. After the document was in his hands, the Attorney-General consulted with certain friends, as he said that he should do, and as was obviously proper, and none of these friends betrayed his confidence. Of Mr. TILDEN, the one whom, from his position and character as a skillful politician, we had considered the most important adviser, in view of the use that was made of the document, the Attorney-General says that the only advice he received from him was to try to persuade Mr. O'CONOR to examine TWEED, and to do all that was possible to make the meagre facts contained in the document useful. This relieves Mr. TILDEN also of any responsibility for the abuse that has been made of the paper. The general judgment unquestionably is that the Attorney-General has honorably done his duty, and that both as an officer and a citizen he can not be reproached for his conduct in the matter. It is his misfortune and not his fault that, in a position where he held the chief responsibility, so gross a wrong was done, which yet he had no means of foreseeing or preventing. If we are not mistaken, the same public judgment is that the Attorney-General will probably be justified, should TWEED's statement ever be published, in the opinion that it is an "uncorroborated statement," which he could not properly accept as the price of TWEED's release.

GOOD SIGNS.

THE Commencement addresses of Senator BAYARD and ex-Secretary COX, the first before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, and the second before the Law School at Yale, are admirable illustrations of a patriotic treatment of public questions by public men. The address of Senator BAYARD is called "The Unwritten Law," and it is somewhat discursive, but it is a calm and reasonable view of the principles that underlie our political system and some of its distinctive conditions. Secretary COX spoke of "Historical Maxims," and he also treated in a philosophic and historic spirit some of the points of the national situation which are freshest in the public mind. But the chief significance of both discourses is their evident community of spirit. The Senator is a Democrat, the Secretary is a Republican, but it is plain that in many most important ways they think alike concerning the republic. There is a deep under-tone of American conviction and patriotism that swells through all the music of the earnestness and eloquence, and suggests to every reader that what is possible to the orators is possible to all the rest of us, and if they can so steadily regard the great end for which they work with different parties, we need not forget that end in the fury of mutual partisan crimination.

These addresses are among the multiplying signs of the peculiar political situation. Under the present Administration, which came in under unprecedented conditions, it is undeniable that party asperities have been much assuaged. Its course has given the people of the Southern States a new and better view of the dominant party of the Northern States, and it has enabled Republican and Democrat to be mutually more just. The total failure of Mr. TILDEN's demonstration at the Manhattan Club is due to his utter but not unnatural misconception of the situation. There are thousands and thousands of Democrats, of whom he seems to have no knowledge, who are not suffocating with a sense of "fraud," and who are very heartily glad that he was not elected. If they can have their way, he will not be a candidate in 1880, because the "fraud" which he alleges to be the only matter worth thinking of, is not regarded by them as he views it. He will not be the Democratic candidate, because the party will not enter upon the next election under false pretenses of reform. This Administration will deprive the Democrats of that cry, and that was Mr. TILDEN's sole strength as a candidate. Were he a man who could personally impress and fascinate his party as HENRY CLAY did the Whigs, it would gladly repeat his name as a rallying cry. But that is impossible. He misconceives the situation, because he supposes that Mr. JEREMIAH BLACK, for instance, speaks for the party. But the reception of Mr. BLACK's article, like that of his own speech, should undeceive him. Mr. BLACK, who is undoubtedly an able man, is politically, if we may say so without offense, an ichthyosaurus—very large, but very extinct.

Assuming, as we do, the adherence of the Administration to the general course upon which it has entered, the public disposition which is shown in the addresses of which we have spoken will become constantly more general, and the result will be not precisely "an era of good feeling," perhaps, but an appeal to the country in the next election not to rectify or condemn a "fraud," but to decide between two Administrations of the same essential declarations. If the financial question should become imperative and leading, it will divide parties. The plan of carrying the next election upon the issue of "fraud" in the last is futile, and for the very simple reason that, as an argument for Democratic success, it assumes that that party is more trustworthy than its opponent, in face of the universal knowledge that it was quite ready and eager to accept a result obtained by proved violence. The cry of "fraud" is forcible only from honest lips. Great changes in parties are possible and probable before 1880, and the most promising sign is the relaxation of extreme party feeling. The party tom-toms are, of course, diligently beaten, but their echo is very dull. Thus at Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July the only thing of the slightest importance that was said or written was Mr. ADAMS's suggestion that the obvious and dangerous defect of the electoral system should be speedily remedied—a suggestion in which Senator MORTON and all good citizens agree.

REMOVALS AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

WE have given a great deal of space elsewhere to the consideration of the question which is now happily so prominent in the public mind, but there is a word to say in regard to the removals that have been made at the New York Custom-house. It is impossible that the Collector and his committee, and the heads of divisions, and the commission that recommended the removals, should not be deeply touched and grieved by the sorrow and even suffering that necessarily attend such a measure. It is equally impossible that those who are removed should not feel that their fate is unjust, that the efficient have been taken and the drones left, and that the result is due to the most flagrant favoritism and scheming. We confess that this feeling is deepened and in a degree justified by the fact that the old chiefs, heartily devoted to the old system, remain. It is also confirmed by rumors and statements that seem but too probable. Had the change of system brought in new agents to administer it, and agents who believe in it, this feeling would inevitably be assuaged. In any case, however, the removals could not have been made without a sense of injustice and actual suffering.

We hear of men suddenly thrown out of employment in a time of great depression, when it is exceedingly difficult to "get hold" any where—men who, with the improvidence so often remarked in those holding public positions, and supposed to be fostered by the service, have saved little or nothing, and who fall at once from a salary of twelve hundred dollars or more to nothing. The imagination does not willingly contemplate the pain and privation that instantly fall upon so many homes, and those who are most sincerely interested in the reform of the service are unable to feel that there is any comical aspect to misery. But the question of questions which all this anxiety and dismay force upon the public mind is, Who and what are responsible? There is but one evident and simple answer—the present system of appointment. Nobody will seriously argue that the country should be taxed to support unnecessary offices; but nobody can deny that the existing system necessarily multiplies such offices. Even the Collector's committee, whose object evidently was to find as little fault and to cast as little blame as possible, are forced to acknowledge that there are some desks in the Custom-house at which work is done which "has no connection with the collection of the revenue in this district," and to add that "the expense of these desks ought not to be charged to the Custom-house at New York." The number of such desks and places every where is very great. It must be constantly greater under a system which allows personal influence to pension personal adherents upon the public purse. This is one of the most conspicuous causes of the real sorrow and suffering that follow these removals. The system fosters and multiplies unnecessary offices, and when the force is, as under such circumstances it ought to be, reduced, the suffering is great. Those who are removed turn instantly and despairingly to "influence" to get them back again. Can there be any thing more utterly degrading to a self-respecting man? Can there be any thing more belittling and demoralizing to the public service?

PERSONAL.

THE late ROBERT DALE OWEN was one of the most simple and charming of men. Thoroughly sincere and earnest, and especially interested in many subjects that outran general sympathy, he was entirely free from the offensiveness of many "reformers," and held his ground with the gentlest and most finished courtesy. The singular sweetness and urbanity of his manner was but a symbol of the generosity of his mind, which could differ from others without jealousy or suspicion. Mr. OWEN had held offices of dignity, but much of his best public work was done as a private citizen. His letter of September 17, 1862, to President LINCOLN, urging emancipation, was one of the most admirable papers of the war. It doubtless had great influence with the President, and lay upon his table when he wrote the proclamation. The letter has been lately published in the *Evening Telegram*, and reminds Mr. OWEN's friends of his devoted patriotism during the great struggle. He died at the age of seventy-six, and to the last was deeply and even actively engaged in work for the general welfare. His very latest interest was an investigation into the details of the English civil service system in aid and illustration of the movement in this country. Mr. OWEN was born in Scotland, but he was a true American.

—Mrs. JAMES GEDDES DAY is diligently progressing with her anecdote biography of her grandfather, DANIEL WEBSTER. An editorial friend who has read portions of the manuscript says it gives promise of an entertaining volume.

—The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing of the cathedral now in course of construction at Garden City, which, with its see and chapter houses and other church surroundings, will cost a million and a half of dollars, all of which is given by Mrs. STEWART, alludes to the cost of Trinity Church ($1,000,000), to Dr. JOHN HALL's church, which cost nearly as much, and to the Reformed (Dutch) church on the corner of Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, which cost $750,000. Of this latter it is added, "How the humble and pious shoemaker who endowed the Collegiate Church a century or so ago with his pasture lots, and made it one of the wealthiest religious corporations in the country, would open his eyes if he could see it!" There is a precedent for the Garden City cathedral in the case of Salisbury, where, six hundred years ago, the Bishop of Old Sarum did just what Bishop LITTLEJOHN did on the 28th of June.

—Mr. BALLARD SMITH, the managing editor of the New York *World*, and a graduate of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is made the subject of a few pleasant words by his old chief, Mr. WATTERSON: "Since the accession of Mr. REID to the editorship of the *Tribune*, there has been no instance of advancement so rapid as that of Mr. SMITH. He went to New York to seek his fortune with the professional education he had received in the *Courier-Journal* office, where, beginning as an amanuensis when he came from Dartmouth, he ended as managing editor. He had unusual responsibilities thrown upon him, and discharged them successfully. He is doubtless a treasure to Mr. HURLBERT, as he was to us."

—Among the class of cadets just entered at West Point is JAMES G. WARREN, son of the late JOSEPH WARREN, of the Buffalo *Courier*. Mr. WARREN passed a very creditable examination, and comes of such good stock that his ultimate graduation with honor may be confidently looked for.

—Mr. JOHN BRIGHT is now a staid, white-haired, serious-looking man. Ten years ago he was found daily smoking his pipe in the tea-room of the House of Commons. He is now under medical surveillance, does not smoke, takes his dinner in the middle of the day, and tea at six.

—Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM is preparing a biography of the late GERRIT SMITH, of Peterborough, one of the most unique men this State has produced. Born to wealth, with fine talents and high culture, he was a man of patrician tastes, yet at the same time a radical of radicals, an original and zealous antislavery man, a teetotaler, and woman's-rights man. When in Congress he was a great favorite with the leading members from the South, slave-owners, who admired his abilities, independence, and courage. His biography can not fail to be interesting.

—Among other benefactions quite unostentatiously conferred by Miss CATHERINE WOLFE, of this city, was one of $50,000, made some two years ago, to Union College, the income to be devoted to scholarships for students from the South. The fund has been so invested as to yield an income of about nine per cent.—say, $4500 per annum—and we learn from a gentleman who was present at the last Commencement that there are at the present time about thirty young Southerners who are receiving aid from that fund.

—A few days before the death of PETER HARVEY, of Boston, he signed the preface to a large volume of his memoirs of Mr. WEBSTER, to the preparation of which he had devoted the later years of his life. This volume will soon be published. It has lately transpired that when the WASHINGTON medals once owned by Mr. WEBSTER were pledged by a member of his family, Mr. HARVEY redeemed them, as he had redeemed, years before, the WEBSTER vase, and placed them in charge of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

—CHARLES TAYLOR, a colored lawyer from Massachusetts, has been admitted to practice law in Maryland—the first negro at the bar of that State.

—Mr. MORGAN, an Englishman, has just celebrated his one-hundred-and-seventh birthday at the Star and Garter, Richmond, surrounded by sixty-seven of his posterity, which numbers one hundred and two. He was five years old when BURKE delivered his speech on conciliation with America; seventeen, when GIBBON finished the *Decline and Fall*; eight, when CHATHAM fell fainting at his post; eighteen, when SHERIDAN dashed off to deliver his speech on the Oude charge; twenty-four, when the head of DANTON rolled on the sawdust.

—Secretary EVARTS is said to have remarked to BRET HARTE that "literary men can get laurels on their brow, but can't browse on their laurels."

—When President HAYES was at the alumni dinner at Harvard the other day, among the little speeches shot off at him was one by President ELIOT, who said that when WASHINGTON visited the college, the whole value of the land, buildings, collections, and securities belonging to the president and fellows, was less than the sum of the bequests and gifts which have been made to the college in the single collegiate year then closing—$225,000. There were fewer students then than teachers now.

—M. THIERS "at home" in the new palace built for him by the government in place of the house destroyed by the Communists, is sketched at length in the London *World*. M. THIERS descends from a Marseillais family of cloth merchants, who were ruined by the first Revolution. Fate owed the family some compensation, and made the son the successful historian of the event which wrecked their fortunes. Fame in letters, and in statesmanship and wealth also, has come to M. THIERS out of the throes and convulsions of revolution; and he is now in his old age secure in a superb retreat, covered with honors, consulted by kings; albeit ex-President, with more influence over political events than the great gendarme at the Elysée, because he has always been cunning enough to avoid the responsibility of the revolution he has helped to make, and has managed to re-appear again and again as at once the champion of freedom and of society. In 1820 the Academy of Aix offered a prize for a panegyric on VAUVENARGUES. THIERS's paper was deemed the best; but the majority of the judges being royalists, and the writer being regarded as a Jacobin, the competition was declared to be adjourned to the following year. The judges had their match in ADOLPHE THIERS. He not only sent in his original paper a second time, but he wrote another, which he caused to be posted in Paris in order to hide the authorship effectually. This new paper gained the first prize, and the old one the second. It was on this success that he went to Paris, and within a year became a marked man and a star of the *Constitutionnel*. From that time to the present he has seen and known and acted with every body worth seeing, knowing, and acting with during the last half century. With short intervals of power, he has passed his life in opposition. There is not a living Frenchman of whom all France is prouder.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Two men, named Bellinger and Pierce, were carried over Niagara Falls on July 1. They were in a small boat, which drifted into the rapids before they were aware of it, and to save themselves they jumped into the water and attempted to swim ashore, but failed.

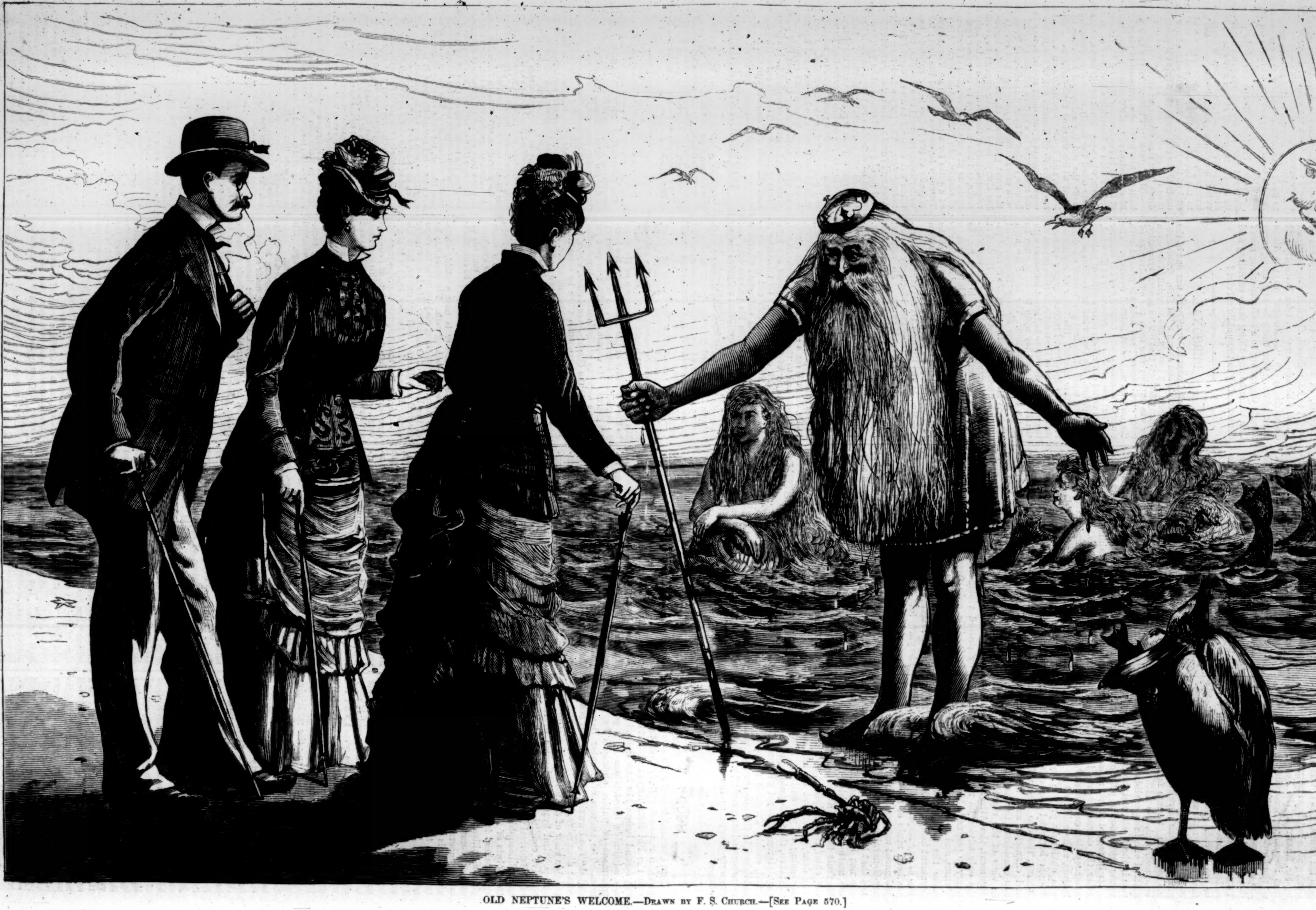
The public debt of the United States was reduced $3,219,000 in June.

FOREIGN NEWS.

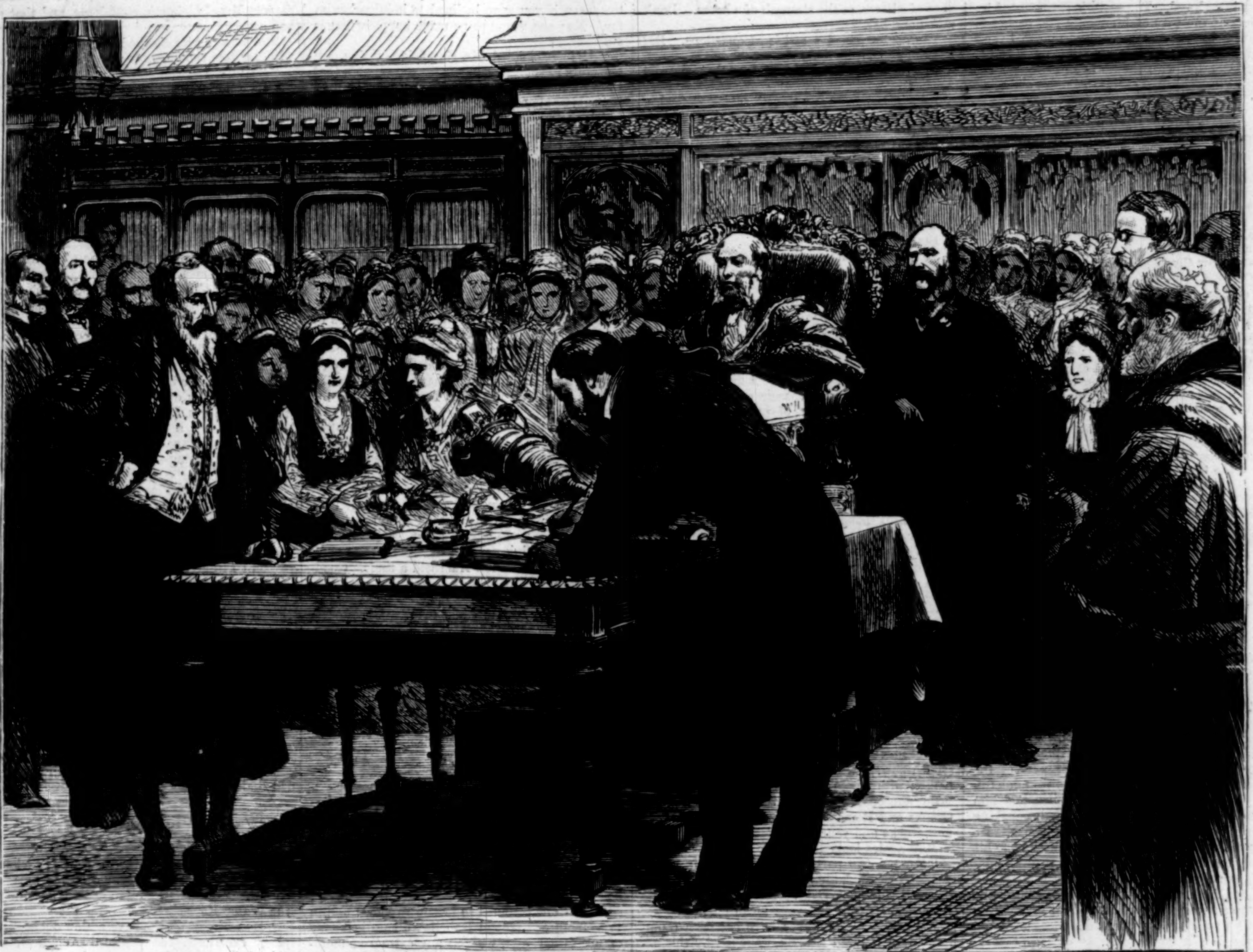
THE EASTERN WAR: The Porte, on the 1st inst., thus reported the destruction of Rustchuk: "The Russians, defying the rights of humanity, and without any military necessity, have completely destroyed the flourishing town of Rustchuk, which is now nothing but a heap of ruins. They spared neither mosques, churches, hospitals, nor public buildings. We hereby make known their act to the justice and humanity of Europe and to the public conscience."—A Reuter dispatch, noting the movements of the Czar, says he witnessed the bombardment of Nicopolis, which was reduced to ashes. After the fight at Sistova he visited the wounded at Simnitza, and decorated several who had especially distinguished themselves. Afterward he crossed the Danube near Sistova, and was joyfully welcomed by the Bulgarians.—The London *Times* Bucharest correspondent telegraphs, on the 6th, that over 120,000 Russians have crossed the Danube at Simnitza, with an immense train of artillery. The Russian cavalry is scouring the country up to the foot of the Balkans. The Turkish outposts are at the Jantra, which is their present advanced line. The centre of their army is near Rasgrad, the right covering Rustchuk, and the left stretching toward Shumla. It is reported that only 12,000 men are left in Silistria.—An official dispatch announces that the Dobrudscha is completely cleared of Turks as far as Trajan's Wall.—The news from Armenia is unfavorable to the Russians. Mukhtar Pasha, in a dispatch dated Adrianople, on the 3d, says: "We passed the day in making reconnaissances. This afternoon the Russians abandoned Banliamed, flying to the south of Kars across the Ardost Heights. They were pursued by our cavalry. The Russian left wing is almost annihilated, and fleeing before the Turkish right with such precipitancy that they buried or concealed their artillery, and destroyed immense quantities of baggage and provisions. The road from Hiliatz to Karakalisa is covered with dead. Intercepted Russian letters show that the garrison of Bayazid is regarded as lost." Further advices from Turkish sources state that the Russian left wing is retreating in disorder in the direction of Bayazid. Faick Pasha, from Van, threatens their line of retreat north of Bayazid. The London *Times* correspondent at Zevin telegraphs that in the battle on the 29th ult. the Russians retired after enormous losses. The Turks buried 1000 Russians. The Turkish loss was below 500. The repulse at Zevin is admitted in the following Russian official dispatch: "After the Russians were driven from the foremost positions near Zevin, on the 29th ult., they retired to their previous lines to escape the Turkish fire. The Russian troops fought with great heroism, and suffered considerable losses, because the enemy were numerically superior. Six officers were killed and twenty-four wounded; 850 privates were disabled." The London *Standard's* correspondent says that, since June 16, the Russians have been defeated five times. It is believed they lost 10,000 men on June 30. Their wounded filled 800 wagons. The Russian officers suffered severely, and five of high rank were killed. It is said that in consequence of these reverses General Melikoff will be recalled.—A British fleet has arrived in Besika Bay.

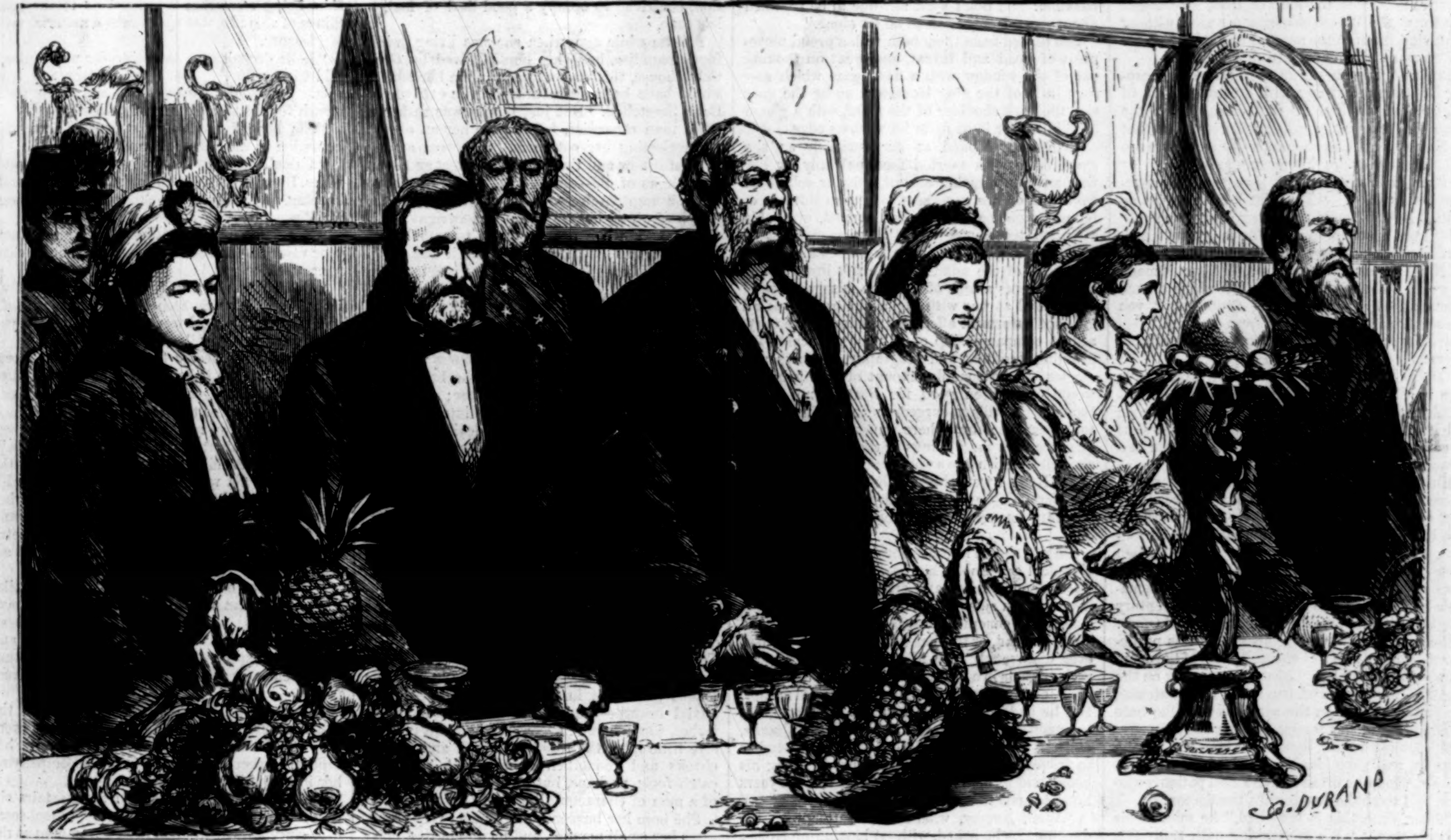
The ocean steamers *Elphinstone* and *Redewater* came into collision on the St. Lawrence River, near the Isle of St. Thérèse, on the 4th inst., and both were sent to the bottom. The total loss was nearly $300,000.

There was a row, on the 3d, on the steamer *Queen Victoria*, while going from Ottawa to Montreal, with Papal Zouaves on board. The Zouaves hauled down the union-jack from the peak of the steamer, and substituted the papal flag. The captain, on remonstrating, was roughly handled, and took refuge in a state-room. Two deck hands of the steamer were arrested for insubordination. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal issued a note announcing that no more excursions of a semi-religious character will be allowed to take place without his consent.



OLD NEPTUNE'S WELCOME.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 570.]





1. General Grant signing the Record. 2. The Banquet. The Lord Mayor proposing the Queen's Health.

PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO GENERAL GRANT.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.

AMONG the marks of honor which General GRANT has received in England is that of the freedom of the City of London—a token of esteem only once before conferred upon an American. The City of London proper forms but a small portion of the vast metropolis of England. Originally surrounded by a wall, with seven gates, it is still an independent municipality, and is ruled by its own government, founded upon the votes of its freemen, while the rest of the metropolis, including the enormous majority of its inhabitants and the greater part of its area, is governed by Parliamentary authority. Within the City limits the Lord Mayor takes precedence of all the royal family. On state occasions, when visiting the City, the sovereign must go through the ceremony of asking his lordship's permission to enter those limits, halting at Temple Bar to receive the keys of the gate. Together with his corporation, consisting of twenty-five Aldermen, representing as many wards, and a Common Council composed of 206 members, the Lord Mayor controls every thing relating to tolls, dues, markets, the administration of justice, police, lighting, paving, and a variety of other matters.

The ceremony took place on June 15, in the library of the Guildhall, in the presence of a distinguished company of some 800 persons. General GRANT, who arrived at the Guildhall in company with his wife, his son Mr. JESSE GRANT, General BADEAU, aid-de-camp, and the Hon. EDWARDS PIERREPONT, the American minister, was very cordially received, and, after the transaction of some formal business, the City Chamberlain delivered an eloquent address, at the close of which he said: "I present to you an illuminated copy of the resolution of this honorable court, and in conclusion offer you, in the name of this honorable court, the right hand of fellowship as a citizen of London." General GRANT replied in a brief, modest, soldier-like manner, and various other speeches followed.

The gold casket containing the parchment which confers the freedom of the city upon General GRANT is elaborate and tasteful in design. The obverse centre panel contains a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the right and left are the ex-President's monogram and the arms of the Lord Mayor. On the reverse side of the casket is a view of the entrance to the Guildhall and an appropriate inscription. At the ends are two figures, also in gold, finely modeled and chased, representing the City of London and the United States of America, bearing their respective shields, the latter executed in rich enamel. At the corners are double columns, laurel-wreathed with corn and cotton, and on the cover a cornucopia, emblematical of the fertility and prosperity of the United States. The rose, shamrock, and thistle are also introduced. The cover is surmounted by the arms of the City of London. The casket is supported by American eagles, modeled and chased in gold, the whole standing on a velvet plinth, decorated with the Stars and Stripes.

DEAD, YET SPEAKING.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

["I have been dying for years; now I shall begin to live." These were almost the last words of the Rev. James Drummond Burns, Presbyterian minister and poet, who died of consumption in 1865, deeply beloved and lamented.]

Dead, and alive again. Alive to us
Who, through this long, long lapse of years, still mark
The after-glow thy sunset luminous
Threw back upon our dark.

Alive to God, and to His work divine,
Though in what sphere we know not, nor need know:
Content to follow those pure steps of thine,
And where thou goest, to go.

The blessings of the happy and at rest,
The sorrowful, and those whose sorrows cease,
Lie soft, like budding daisies, on thy breast,
Who sleep'st the sleep of peace.

But far beyond all noise of earthly strife,
Or silent-death-rest 'neath this long green sod,
Thou art gone triumphant into perfect life—
The soul's true life in God.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. NAMBY'S PRESCRIPTION.

In the dark days of December, Mr. Namby, the family practitioner and parish doctor of Little Yafford, was agreeably surprised by a summons to the Water House. His patients there had been inconveniently well for the greater part of the year, and he had been looking somewhat dolefully at the blank leaf in his diary which told him that he should have no account worth speaking of to send in to Mr. Harefield at Christmas. He was much too benevolent a man to wish ill to his species; but he thought that those favored ones of this world whom Providence has set apart and exempted from all the cares and struggles of the impecunious majority ought at least to be troubled with such small nervous disorders as would keep the faculty employed. An obscure case of hysteria, now, was the sort of thing one might look for at the Water House, and which, without doing vital harm to the patient, would necessitate a great many attendances from the doctor.

He plucked up his spirits, therefore, and decapitated his breakfast egg with an unusual air of sprightliness, on hearing that James from the Water House had just called and requested that Mr. Namby would be so good as to look in to see Miss Harefield during his morning round.

"Poor girl! neuralgic, I dare say," he murmured, cheerfully. "The Water House must be damp. But of course one can not say any thing to frighten away patients. She is a sweet girl. I shall try the new treatment."

"If it's the stuff you gave me, William, it made me worse," said Mrs. Namby. "Nothing did me so much good as that cask of double stout you ordered from the brewer at Great Yafford."

Mr. Namby's countenance expressed ineffable disgust.

"Do you think your constitution would have been in a condition to profit by that stout if I hadn't prescribed for you first?" he exclaimed; and Mrs. Namby, being a wise little woman, went on cutting bread and butter for her children in a sagacious silence.

Mr. Namby was shown straight to the study, where Miss Harefield was accustomed to read history and other erudite works to her governess. The histories were all dull, old-fashioned chronicles, which had been religiously believed when Miss Scales was a little girl, but most of the facts in which had faded into mere phantasmagoria before the fierce light of nineteenth-century research and the revelations of the Record Office.

Beatrix was not reading history on this particular morning. She was sitting by one of the deep-set windows, with her folded arms resting on the broad oaken ledge, and her heavy eyes watching the drifting clouds in the windy sky, or the bare black elm branches tossing against the gray.

She looked round listlessly when Mr. Namby came in, and gave him her hand with a mechanical air, which he often saw in small patients who were told to shake hands with the doctor.

"Dear, dear, this is very bad," he said, in his fatherly way. "We are looking quite sadly this morning."

Then came the usual ordeal. The doctor held the slight wrist between his fingers, and consulted a pale-faced watch with a surreptitious air.

"Quick, and irregular," he said, "and weak. We must do something to set you right, my dear young lady. Have you been overexerting yourself lately?"

"She has," exclaimed Miss Scales, in an aggrieved tone. "She has been riding and driving far too much—too much even for the horses, Jarvis told me; so you may imagine it was too much for her."

"My dear Miss Scales, you forget that the horse had the greater share of the labor," interposed Beatrix.

"I repeat, Beatrix," protested Miss Scales, severely, "that if it was too much for the horse, it must have been infinitely worse for you. You have not the constitution of a horse, or the endurance of a horse, or the strength of a horse. Don't talk nonsense."

The doctor asked a string of questions. Did she eat well, sleep well?

Beatrix was obliged to confess that she did neither.

"She eats hardly any thing," said Miss Scales, "and I know by her candle that she reads half the night."

"What can I do but read," exclaimed Beatrix. "I have no pleasant thoughts of my own. I am obliged to find them in books."

"Oh dear! dear," cried the doctor; "why, a young lady like you ought to have her mind full of pleasant thoughts."

Beatrix sighed.

"I see what it is—the nervous power overtasked, a slight tendency to insomnia. We must not allow this to go on, my dear Miss Harefield. The riding and driving are all very well, but in moderation. *In medio tutissimus ibis*, as they used to teach us at school. And a nice quiet walk with Miss Scales, now, would be a beneficial alternation with the equestrian exercise. Walk one day, ride the next. If it were a different time of year, I might suggest change of air. Filey, or Harrogate; but just now, of course, that is out of the question. Do you remember what I prescribed for you after the whooping-cough."

"Yes," answered Beatrix: "you gave me a playfellow."

"To be sure I did. Well, now, I say again you must have youthful society—a companion of your own age. I thought Miss Scratchell and you were inseparable."

"We used to be; but since she has gone out as a daily governess, we have seen much less of each other, and lately she has been particularly busy. She is very good."

"And you are fond of her?"

"Yes, I like her very much."

"Then you must have more of her company. I must talk to papa about it."

"Oh, pray do not trouble my father," exclaimed Beatrix, anxiously.

"But he must be troubled. You must have youthful society. I know that Miss Scales is all kindness, and her conversation most improving." Miss Scales acknowledged the compliment with a stiffish bow. "But you must have a young companion with whom you can unbend, and talk a little nonsense now and then, not about the Greeks and Romans, you know, but about your new frocks and your beaux."

Miss Scales looked an image of disgust.

"For my own part, I believe if Beatrix would employ her mind, there would be none of this repining," she remarked, severely. "Low spirits with young people generally mean idleness."

"My dear Miss Scales, I have not been repining," remonstrated Beatrix, wounded by this accusation. "I don't want any one to be troubled about me. I only wish to be let alone."

She turned from them both with a proud movement of head and throat, and went on looking out of the window with a fixed gaze which saw very little of the gray landscape under the gray sky, the dark shoulder of the moor, with a gleam of livid winter light upon its western edge.

Mr. Namby looked at her curiously as she stood there with averted face, palpably by her very attitude refusing all sympathy or solicitude from him or her governess. He was not a profound psychologist. He had, indeed, given his attention too completely to the management of other people's bodies to have had much leisure for the study of the mind; but he felt instinctively that here was a case of supreme misery, a proud young soul at war with life, a girl capable of all girlhood's warmest affections confined to the dry-asdust companionship of a human machine for grinding grammar and geography, histories and ologies. A reasonable amount of this grinding would have been good for Beatrix, no doubt, thought the village surgeon, who was no enemy to education; but there must be something brighter than these things in the life of a girl, or she will languish like a woodland bird newly caged.

Mr. Namby went down stairs, and asked to see Mr. Harefield—an awful thing to him always—but duty compelled him to beard the lion in his den.

He was shown into the library, where Christian Harefield sat among his books, as usual, brown leather-bound folios and quartos piled upon the floor on each side of his chair, more books on his desk, and a general appearance of profound study. What he read, or to what end he read, no one had ever discovered. He filled commonplace-books with extracts in a neat fine hand, almost as close as print, and he wrote a good deal of original matter. But he had never given a line to the world, not so much as a paragraph in *Notes and Queries*, nor had he ever confided the nature of his studies to friend or acquaintance. He lived among his books and in his books, and for the last ten years he had cared for no life outside them.

"Well, Namby, what's the matter with my daughter?" he asked, without looking up from a volume of Plutarch's Moralia.

"You have been anxious about her?"

"I have not been anxious. Her governess took it into her head to be anxious, and wished that you should be sent for. There is nothing amiss, I conclude."

"There is very much amiss. Your daughter's lonely life is killing her. She must have livelier company than Miss Scales—change of air and scene directly the weather is milder."

"But there is nothing actually wrong, nothing organic?"

"Nothing that I can discover at present. But there is sleeplessness—one of the worst foes to life—loss of appetite, want of vigor. She must be roused, interested, amused."

"Do you mean that she should be taken to London and carried about to balls and theatres?" inquired Mr. Harefield.

"She is not in a condition for balls and theatres, even if you were inclined to indulge her so far. No; she wants to be made happier, that is all."

"All!" exclaimed Mr. Harefield. "You are moderate in your demands. Do you suppose that I have a recipe for making young women happy? It would be almost as miraculous as the wand with which the wicked fairy used to transform a contumacious prince into a blue bird or a white poodle. I have let my daughter have her own way—in all the minor details of life—and I have put no limit upon her pocket-money. I can imagine no other way of making her happy."

"I think you will be obliged to find some other way," answered Mr. Namby, tremulous at his own audacity—but the lion was unusually mild this morning, and the doctor felt heroic—"unless you want to lose her."

"Lose her!" cried Mr. Harefield. "Oh, she will last my time, depend upon it. My lease has not long to run, and then she will be mistress of her fate, and be happy in her own way."

"My dear Sir, with your noble constitution—"

"Length of days does not depend entirely on constitution. A man must have the inclination to live. But tell me what I am to do for my daughter."

"Let her have her young friend Miss Scratchell to come and stay with her; and when the spring comes, send them both to the sea-side."

"I have no objection. I will write to Scratchell immediately. His daughter has been employed at the Park lately, but, as that can only be a question of remuneration, I can arrange it with Scratchell."

"I do not think you can do any more at present. I shall send Miss Harefield a tonic. Good-morning."

The village surgeon retired, delighted at getting off so easily. Mr. Harefield wrote at once to his agent:

"Dear Scratchell,—My daughter is ill, and wants pleasant company. Please let your girl come and stay with her. If there is any loss involved in your daughter being away from home, I shall be happy to send you a check for whatever amount you may consider sufficient.

"Yours truly, C. H."

This happened about a fortnight before Christmas, and at a time when Miss Scratchell's duties at the Park were in a considerable degree suspended. She would not have been wanted there at all, under ordinary circumstances, for the young Pipers, who had a frank detestation of all kinds of learning, claimed a holiday at this season, and had their claim allowed. But Mrs. Piper was ill, so ill as to be confined to her own rooms; and in this juncture she found Isabella's domestic talents of use to her, and, without any extra remuneration, contrived to occupy a good deal of Isabella's time.

A little while ago, when she was living in her fool's paradise, believing herself loved by Cyril Culverhouse, this encroachment upon her leisure would have been aggravating in the extreme to Bella Scratchell. But just now it was rather a relief than otherwise, for it gave her an excuse for neglecting her cottagers. She went among them still now and then, and was sweet and sympathetic as of old—reading St. John's Gospel to the consumptive dress-maker, or carrying a little bunch of wintry flowers to the wheelwright's bed-ridden daughter, a patient victim to spinal complaint—but she was glad, so far as it was possible, to avoid meeting Cyril. There was too keen a shame, too fierce an agony, in the thought of her delusion; for in this fair-faced, Dresden shepherdess little beauty there existed a capacity for passionate feeling unsuspected by her kindred or friends. From love to vindictiveness was only a step in this intense nature. She hated Mrs. Dulcimer for having entrapped her; she hated herself for having fallen so easily into so petty a snare. She hated Cyril for not loving her; she hated him still more for loving somebody else; and she hated Beatrix Harefield most of all for being the object of his love.

"Has she not enough of the good things of this life without taking him from me?" she thought, savagely, forgetting that, as Cyril had never belonged to her, Beatrix could hardly be found guilty of robbery. "He would have cared for me if he had never seen her," argued Bella. "She is handsomer than I am—grand and noble-looking, while I am small and mean."

Vanity and self-esteem were alike crushed by Cyril's indifference. She had been vain of her pink and white prettiness hitherto. Now she looked at herself in the glass, and scorned her trivial beauty—the blue eyes and light brown lashes, the indefinite eyebrows, the blunt inoffensive little nose, the rose-bud mouth and peachy cheeks and coquettish dimples. A beauty to catch fools, perhaps, but of no value in the eyes of a man of character, like Cyril Culverhouse.

She bore her burden quietly, being very proud, after her small manner, and no one in that noisy home circle of Mr. Scratchell's discovered that there was any thing amiss in the eldest daughter of the house.

Mrs. Dulcimer wrote an affectionate and sympathetic letter to her dear Bella, and insisted that she should spend a long day at the Vicarage—as if a long day in Mrs. Dulcimer's society were a balm that must heal the cruelest wound. Bella answered the letter in person, being too wise to commit herself to pen and ink upon so humiliating a subject, and she received Mrs. Dulcimer's apologies and listened to that lady's self-reproaches with an unalterable placidity which convinced the worthy match-maker that there was no harm done.

"Let us think of the whole affair as a good joke, dear Mrs. Dulcimer," said Bella, "but let us keep it to ourselves. I hope you have not talked about it to Rebecca."

Every body in Little Yafford knew that Rebecca was Mrs. Dulcimer's confidante, and that she had a vivacious tongue.

The Vicar's wife blushed, and trifled nervously with her lace rufflings.

"My love, you can not suppose that I should say a word about you that ought not to be said," she murmured, affectionately.

And then Bella knew that Rebecca had been told every thing.

"It is so nice of you to take it in such a sweet-tempered way," said Mrs. Dulcimer, "and it only confirms my good opinion of you; but I am more angry with *him* than I can say. You would have suited each other exactly."

"Ah, but you see he does not think so," replied Bella, with inward bitterness. "I am not his style. He has chosen some one quite different. You have no idea, I suppose, who the lady is."

"Some one he met at Oxford, I don't doubt. Those University towns are regular man-traps. He will live to regret his choice, I dare say. I am almost wicked enough to hope he may. And now, Bella, when will you come and spend a long quiet day with me?" demanded Mrs. Dulcimer, anxious to administer her balsam.

"I am hardly ever free now, dear Mrs. Dulcimer. Since Mrs. Piper has been ill she has asked me to help her a little with the housekeeping. She is so unfortunate in her servants, you know—always changing—and that makes her distrustful."

"My dear, Mrs. Piper doesn't make her servants happy," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "Servants are like other people. They want to be happy, and nobody can be happy who is being found fault with from morning till night."

"I'm afraid it is so," assented Bella; "poor Mrs. Piper means well, but she is too particular."

"My dear, if I were to find fault with Rebecca three times in a week, she would give me warning; and yet she's almost like my own flesh and blood. Now, mind, I shall expect you to come and spend a long day with me the first time you find yourself free."

"I shall only be too happy," murmured Bella.

"And I'll take care you don't meet Cyril."

"You are so thoughtful."

"Well, dear, I think we were sent into the world to think of other people as well as ourselves," replied the Vicar's wife, with a self-satisfied air.

CHAPTER XVI.

BELLA GOES ON A VISIT.

"Here's a fine chance for Bella," exclaimed Mr. Scratchell, after reading his patron's curt epistle. "She is to go and spend Christmas at the Water House."

"My word, won't she have a blow out of mince-pies," exclaimed the youthful Adolphus, who, from being somewhat restricted as to the good things of this life, was apt to take a material view of pleasure.

"Bella doesn't care twopence for mince-pies," said Clementine. "She likes dresses and bonnets. She would live on bread and water for a month for the sake of a pretty dress."

Bella herself was not enthusiastic about the invitation to the Water House.

"I don't see how I can go, papa," she said. "Mrs. Piper wants me to look after the housekeeping, and to see to the children's early dinner. Mr. Piper hates carving for so many."

"Mrs. Piper must do without you. She'll know your value all the better if she loses your services for a week or two."

"You ought not to refuse such an invitation, Bella," said Mrs. Scratchell. "Christmas-time and all, Mr. Harefield would be sure to give you a handsome present."

"I might run across to the Park every morning, perhaps, even if I were staying at the Water House," Bella suggested, presently. She had been thinking deeply for the last few moments.

"Of course you might," answered her father. "It's not ten minutes' walk through the fields."

So Mr. Harefield's letter was answered to the effect that Bella would be delighted to stay with her dear Miss Harefield, and would be with her that evening. And all day long there was a grand starching and ironing of cuffs, collars, and petticoats, at which the younger Misses Scratchell assisted.

"I shall find out all about Cyril," thought Bella. "What a secret nature she must have to have hidden every thing from me so long! I have seen her look shy and strange when she met him, and have half suspected; but I could not think that if she really cared for him, she would hide it from me."

Bella and her worldly goods arrived at the Water House after dark on that December evening; Bella walking under the escort of her brother Herbert, the worldly goods accompanying her in a wheelbarrow.

Bella found Beatrix alone in the up-stairs sitting-room, which had been called the school-room ever since Miss Scales had been paramount at the Water House. It was a good old paneled room, with old oak furniture of the Dutch school that had been there since the days of the Stuarts; old blue and white Delft jars, and old pictures that nobody ever looked at; a high carved oak mantelpiece, with a shelf just wide enough to carry the tiny tea-cups of the Queen Anne period; an old-fashioned fire-place, set round with blue and white tiles; a sombre Turkey carpet, with a good deal of yellow in it, and thick woolen curtains of a curious flowered stuff. To Bella it was simply one of the handsomest rooms in the world, and she felt angry with Beatrix for her want of gratitude to a Providence that had set her in the midst of such surroundings.

Beatrix received her old playfellow affectionately. She was more cheerful this evening than she had been since her father had forbidden her visits to the Vicarage.

"A most wonderful thing has happened, Bella," she said, when they had kissed. Bella had taken off her hat, and was comfortably seated in an arm-chair by the fire. "Miss Scales has gone for a fortnight's holiday, and you and I are to be our own mistresses all Christmas-time."

"How nice!" cried Bella.

"Isn't it? My father did not at all like it, I believe. But an old aunt of Miss Scales's—an aunt who is supposed to have money—has been so kind as to get dangerously ill, and Miss Scales has been sent for to attend her sick-bed. She lives in some unknown corner of Devonshire, quite at the other end of the map; so less than a fortnight's leave of absence would hardly have been any use, and papa was compelled to give it. I am put upon *parole d'honneur*, to pay no visits; but I may drive where I like in the pony-carriage on fine days, and ride as often as Jarvis will let me."

Jarvis was the groom who had taught Beatrix to ride her pony ten years ago, when Mr. Namby had suggested riding as a healthy exercise for the pale and puny child.

"It will be very nice," said Bella.

"Very nice for me. But I'm afraid it will be a dreadfully dull Christmas for you, Bella. You will wish yourself at home. Christmas must be so cheerful in a large family."

"I can endure the loss of a home Christmas with exemplary resignation," replied Bella, with a graceful little shrug of her pretty shoulders. "I think if there is one time more trying than another in our house, it is Christmas. The children have a vague idea that they are going to enjoy themselves—and it shows a wonderful gift of blind faith that they can have such an idea, after so many disappointments. They make the parlors uncomfortable with holly and laurels, and club together for a bunch of mistletoe to hang in the passage; they make poor ma promise them snap-dragon and hot elder wine; and then on Christmas-eve one of the boys contrives to break a window, or to upset papa's office inkstand, which holds about a quart, and then the whole family are in disgrace. Papa and mamma have words; the beef is underdone on Christmas-day, and papa uses awful language about the housekeeping; the boys go out for an afternoon walk to avoid the storm in-doors, and perhaps get caught in the rain out-of-doors, and spoil their best clothes. After tea, pa and ma have a long talk by the fire, while we young ones squabble over *vingt-et-un* at the table, and we know by their faces that they are talking about New-Year's bills, and then we all go to bed feeling miserable, without knowing exactly why."

"Poor Bella!" said Beatrix, compassionately. "It does seem very hard that some people should have more money than they know what to do with, and others so much too little. It's quite puzzling. The trees and flowers have every thing equally, sun and rain, and dew and frost."

"No, they don't," said Bella. "The trees see life from different aspects. Some have all the southern sun, and others all the northern blasts. You are like a carefully trained peach-tree on a south wall, and I am a poor little shrub in a gloomy corner facing north."

"Bella," cried Beatrix, "do you seriously believe that there is much sunshine in my life?"

"Plenty," answered Bella. "You have never known the want of money."

"But money can not make happiness."

"Perhaps not, but it can make a very good imitation. And I know that the want of money can make very real unhappiness."

"Poor Bella!" sighed Beatrix again.

"Oh, as for me," said Bella, "I am very well off since I've been at the Pipers'. And then you have always been so kind to me. I am the favored one of the family. But it is trying to see how my poor mother is worried, and how she worries every one else, in the struggle to make both ends meet. And now tell me about yourself, Beatrix. Papa said you had been ill."

"Miss Scales and Mr. Namby have made up their minds that I am ill," answered Beatrix, indifferently; "but except that I can't sleep, I don't think there's much the matter."

"But that is very dreadful," exclaimed Bella. "Do you mean to say that you are not able to sleep at all?"

"Very little. Sometimes I lie awake all night; sometimes I get up and walk about my room, and look out of the window at the moor and the river. They look so strange and ghost-like in the dead of the night—not a bit like the moor and river we know by day. Sometimes I light my candle and read."

"And you never sleep?"

"Toward the morning I sometimes drop off into a doze, but I always wake with a start, just as if the surprise of finding myself asleep had awakened me."

"And hasn't Mr. Namby given you any thing to make you sleep?" asked Bella.

"No. He is giving me tonics, and he says when I get strong the sleeplessness will leave me. He has refused to give me an opiate, though I begged very hard for something that would send me to sleep."

"That seems cruel," said Bella, "but I suppose he is right. I think he is a very clever little man. Mrs. Piper has more confidence in him than in Dr. Armytage, who has a big fee every time he comes over from Great Yafford, and who never seems to do any thing but approve of what Mr. Namby is doing. Or perhaps he makes some slight alteration in the diet—recommends sago instead of tapioca, or Madeira instead of sherry."

"Is Mrs. Piper very ill?"

"Dreadfully ill, poor thing! It is an internal complaint that is killing her. She struggles against it, but I think she knows that it is killing her."

"How sad for her children!"

"Yes, poor little things! She is a very good mother—perhaps a little too strict, but most careful of her children. They will miss her dreadfully. I'm afraid Mr. Piper is the sort of man to marry again."

"Oh, surely not!" cried Beatrix, "that fat, red-faced man, with a figure like a barrel. Who would marry him?"

"Who would refuse him—and his money?"

"Oh, Bella, now surely *you* would not marry such a man as that—for all the money in the world?"

"I would not, well as I know the value of money. But I have no doubt there are plenty of girls who would. And now, Beatrix, tell me why you never go to the Vicarage now."

"Simply because my father has forbidden me."

"How unkind! But he must have some reason for such a step."

"He has his reasons, no doubt."

"And has he not told you what they are?"

"Don't let us talk about it, please, Bella dear. I had rather speak of any thing else."

"Of course," thought Bella, "the whole thing is quite clear."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday,	22.	—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	25.	—St. James, the Apostle.
Sunday,	29.	—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

THE Pan-Presbyterian Council was formally opened in Edinburgh on July 3. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. FLINT, Professor of Theology in Edinburgh University. A reception was given on the evening of the opening day at the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art. The Lord Provost of the city welcomed the delegates; Lord BALFOUR also delivered an address. Among the replies was one from the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ADAMS, of this city. On the second day, July 4, the Rev. Dr. SCHAFF read the opening paper on the "Harmony of the Confessions of the Reformed Churches." The subject was referred to a committee. In the afternoon there was a discussion of the principles of Presbyterianism, in which Drs. HODGE, of Allegahny, and STUART ROBINSON, of Louisville, took part.

Dr. SEYMOUR, the dean of the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in this city, makes in his last annual report an excellent suggestion. It is "the establishment and endowment of a lectureship analogous to the Bampton and Hulsean foundations in England." The lecture would be delivered in some central church in New York. The lectureship on Preaching, in the Yale Divinity School, has already produced the very best results in the explanation of their art by some of the most famous pulpit orators of the country. Could we by judicious endowments secure such masterpieces as Archbishop TRENCH'S Hulsean lecture on "Christ the Desire of all Nations," and the Bampton lectures of FARRAR, MANSEL, and RAWLINSON, we should add much to the permanent wealth of English literature.

A dispatch sent, July 2, from Rome to the London *Daily News* says: "The Pope was so ill yesterday and to-day that many bishops who were about to leave Rome postponed their departure."

The Archbishop of Canterbury has put Mr. RIDSDALE, the subject of the recent judgment of the Queen's Privy Council, into a close corner. Mr. RIDSDALE published a letter in which, while denying the jurisdiction of the state courts over him, he expressed a willingness to accept the order of the archbishop. "Whether," he wrote, "our bishop will propose any relief, or will give any dispensation from the law of the Church which it would be right to accept, remains to be seen." Mr. RIDSDALE had not long to wait, for the archbishop replied at once that he took upon himself the whole responsibility of directing the Folkestone incumbent "not to use the vestments, lighted candles, or to mix water with the communion wine." This is more than Mr. RIDSDALE expected, and he promises to obey the archbishop only until Convocation meets, and that body must determine whether the metropolitan has a right to grant such a dispensation.

The committee appointed by the Presbytery of New York to consider and recommend some plan whereby a more thorough examination of ministerial candidates can be secured, have published their report. They advise (1) that candidates applying to the Presbytery for license to preach be required to present a diploma from a theological seminary; (2) that the Presbytery elect a committee of twenty ministers, to hold office for two years, to whom shall be intrusted the examination of candidates for license, this committee to be divided into four subcommittees, each taking a distinct department. The subcommittees shall examine the candidates from time to time, and report to the chairman of the committee of twenty, who shall, in turn, report to the Presbytery at its May meeting.

The Rev. I. N. TARBOX gives the following as the denominational statistics of the State of Massachusetts, reckoning by the number of churches: Congregational churches, 521; Methodist, 336; Baptist, 289; Roman Catholic, 249; Unitarian, 187; Universalist, 119; Episcopal, 110; Christian, 15; Presbyterian, 15; Swedenborgian, 14; scattering, 29—making a total of 1884 churches to a population of 1,651,912. The total number of ministers in the State is 2233.

A resolution in favor of the Sunday opening of the London museums was recently discussed in the British House of Commons. Some of the great Parliamentary leaders took part in the debate upon it. A petition for such opening, 1556 feet in length, and said to contain 36,000 names, was presented. The resolution was offered by Mr. P. A. TAYLOR, and was supported, among others, by Mr. W. E. FORSTER, JOHN and JACOB BRIGHT, Sir WILFRED LAWSON, and Sir CHARLES DILKE. Colonel BERESFORD and Mr. ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR took the opposite side. On a division, the number voting for the resolution was 87; against, 229—making a majority against of 142.

The Rev. Dr. HOPKINS, in advocating the creation of more Protestant Episcopal dioceses in this country, says: "We are left in the lurch by every part of the Anglican communion outside the British Isles. New Jersey was an organized diocese 89 years before its first subdivision; Maryland, 85 years; Pennsylvania, 81 years at the time of its first, and 87 years at the time of its second; New York, 53 years at its first, and 83 years at its second division; Ohio, 56 at its first division; Michigan, 42 years; Western New York, 30 years; Wisconsin, 27 years." He compares this with New Zealand, which grew from one bishop to eight during the incumbency of its first bishop, SELWYN.

The text of the resolutions of the German Old Catholic Synod, adopted at the recent session, has been received, and indicates progress toward a Protestant position. One was passed permitting laymen to hold service in the absence of a priest, the service to consist of prayer, hymns, portions of Scripture, and a homily or address. In relation to the use of the vernacular language of the people in the liturgy and to priestly celibacy, the Synod gave these directions: "(1) In such congregations, where the desire for the same is general, the necessary preparations made, and the sanction of the Synodal Council and the District Assembly given, the Synod shall permit the gradual introduction of service in the German tongue. (2) The Synodal Council shall ascertain whether any, and what, legal obstacles stand in the way of a practical abolition of clerical celibacy, and shall submit precise proposals to the next Synod." The sacrifice of the mass is still retained, and prayers for the dead are sanctioned.

The *Congregationalist* calls attention to the number of ministers who are or have been in Chicago who have had their "doubles." There were in that city two EDDYS (one a Baptist, the other a Methodist), two COLLIERS, two BARTLETTS (Professor S. C. and Rev. WILLIAM ALVIN), two ministerial THOMASES, two CHENEYS, two GOODSPEEDS, two PATTERSONS, and two PATTONS. The confusion created by confounding the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM W. PATTON (Congregationalist) with the Rev. Dr. FRANCIS L. PATTON (Presbyterian) has been almost endless. The former has now gone to Washington to take the presidency of Howard University.

The offerings made to the Pope during the jubilee are now on exhibition in the "Gallery of Maps" of the Vatican Palace, which is a room of great length and height, handsomely frescoed. Among the presents are a "throne of great magnificence," from the city of Marseilles. The Count GABRIELLE DE CAIX, of Switzerland, sent a set of plate for high mass, made of gold, and incrusted with costly diamonds. The donor requested that the Pope would never part with this gift, unless it should happen that the Queen of England should become a Catholic, in which case it might be presented to her.

The case of the Oka Indians has been taken up by the Montreal Conference of the Canada Methodist Church. The Conference instructs the Wesleyan Committee of Privileges to "pray the government of the Dominion to take such steps as shall elicit satisfactory information as to the tenure under which the seigniory of the Lake of the Two Mountains and St. Placide are held by the Seminary of St. Sulpice, of Montreal; the obligations toward the Indians of Oka which that tenure involves, if any; and to inquire into the reasons for the arrest and imprisonment from time to time of some of these Indians, as well as into the reasons which led to the destruction, by the order of the seminary authorities, of the church erected by the Indians, and generally to get at the true merits of the questions involved in this long-standing dispute." The chapel (Protestant) built by the Indians was destroyed in the winter of 1875–76; it had been erected three years before. The land was purchased of an Indian woman, who had held possession for years, and was supposed to have a good title. The Seminary of St. Sulpice claimed to be the owner of the land, got judgment, and ordered the church to be torn down. There has been trouble ever since, as has been already noted in this Intelligence, and recently a fresh outbreak.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE practical philanthropists of Baltimore are generously contributing to a charity which has now been in operation four years—the Association for Free Excursions. Under the judicious management of its president, Mr. J. T. Ford, the deserving poor of the city are receiving substantial benefit from the arrangements made to give them fresh air and recreation. Each ward of the city is divided into districts, which are visited by ladies who personally select those who are worthy, and distribute tickets which will admit them to the excursion boat or grounds. Preference is given to invalids, sick children, and old people. Often the excursionists number from twelve to fifteen hundred, who are taken to Avondale, about fifteen miles from the city. This is a large wooded park situated on the water, with shady grounds, and all arrangements for the comfort and protection of sick children and weary mothers, as well as for the amusement of healthy young folks. Three excellent meals are served during the day. Pleasant songs are sung with remarkable zest; and the band of music used on these excursions is composed of lads from the House of Refuge, where some education in music is given as a reward for good behavior. No one can watch the thorough enjoyment of these poor people, who spend so much of their lives in close tenement rooms, without being convinced that a holiday in the country is most wholesome for them, both physically and morally.

Garden City is beautifully situated on Hempstead Plains, about seventeen miles from Brooklyn City Hall. It is laid out in squares, with neat houses and gardens, and the central point of the place is occupied by a handsome brick hotel. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Cathedral Church of the Incarnation took place at Garden City on June 28. The event drew together many thousands, as the weather was delightful, and the occasion full of interest. Over one hundred and twenty clergymen were present, and numerous guests of distinction; also students of seminaries and sisters of various orders. The corner-stone was laid by Bishop Littlejohn, addresses made by several clergymen, and there were the usual appropriate ceremonies. The general plan of the cathedral is cruciform, with tower and spire, and the style of architecture Gothic. In the basement a mortuary chapel will be built, with crypt, where the remains of Mr. A. T. Stewart—the founder of Garden City, and to whose memory the cathedral is to be erected—will be laid.

One of the most attractive places on the shores of Lake George, where the summer tourist may pass the heated term, is the Fort William Henry Hotel, delightfully situated at the lower end of the lake, and easily accessible. It is a spacious house, with accommodations for nearly one thousand guests, is surrounded with elegant grounds, and commands a fine view of the lake. Among its attractions are the numerous excursions by land and water, for which all facilities are at hand. Steamers and yachts leave the hotel landing daily, making trips among the Hundred Islands and to other points of interest, while such pastimes as billiards, croquet, bowling, shooting, etc., are amply provided. The hotel itself is elegantly fitted up. A broad piazza, one of the finest in the country, runs the whole length of the house, affording an attractive promenade. The proprietors know how to run a hotel, and find their interest in looking well after the comfort and pleasure of their guests.

Smith College for women, at Northampton, Massachusetts, has a course of study as severe as that of any college in the country, and its standard of admission is so high that comparatively few young women avail themselves of its advantages. It is stated as a somewhat singular fact, however, that during the two years since it was opened there has been only one case of sickness among its students, and that was contracted outside of the college. The students live quietly, regularly, and have plain, wholesome food. Consequently they can bear the strain of hard study.

Twenty young Chinamen have recently arrived in Paris for the purpose of pursuing a course of study in the colleges.

The citizens of St. John have already begun to take measures for rebuilding their city, and arrangements will be made for widening and improving the streets, and erecting safe buildings. The insurance representatives have signed an agreement binding their companies to accept no insurance on wooden or brick-faced buildings hereafter erected within St. John, or on any buildings hereafter roofed with shingles, or upon the contents of them.

From a report of thirty-five leading national benevolent societies, the receipts for the year 1876–77 appear to have been over $6,094,608. Forty-five local societies of New York report their contributions to have been over $2,033,473, and it is estimated that other local societies not enumerated have received about $1,966,526.

Red-clover tea is said to be a cure for cancer—the red tops boiled in water, and drank freely, using it also as a wash. This supposed remedy is easily tried.

Queen Victoria lent to the Caxton Exhibition the Mentz Psalter—a book valued at $15,000. It is the first printed book bearing a date, that date being 1457.

"The Roll-Call," 'Quatre Bras," "Balaklava," and "Inkermann," Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler's war paintings, are all exhibited together at the Fine Art Society, in Bond Street, London.

Four famous prime donne—Patti, Albani, Tietjens, and Nilsson—are now singing in London. Adelina Patti is in as high favor as ever with her audiences; and Emma Albani, the first American soprano who has won great European fame in opera, fairly divides the honors with her. Although Nilsson and Tietjens are meeting with their usual success, Albani triumphs have been extraordinary.

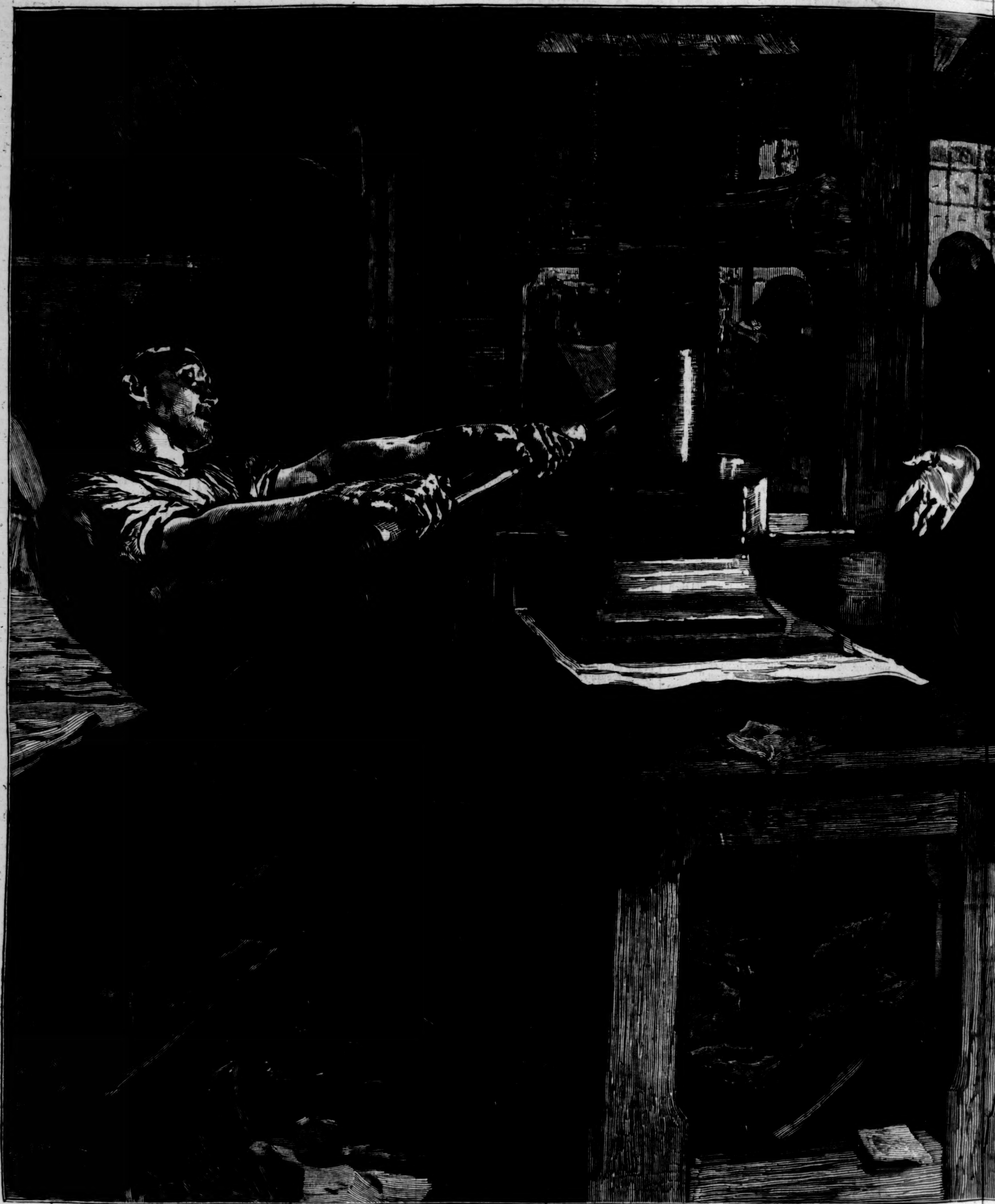
Foreign journals say that the beauty of the Gardens of the Tuileries is destroyed by a carriage road which has been cut in front of the palace. It is a wide road, with asphalt foot-ways and street lamps. As it is only about a hundred yards from the old road in the Place du Carrousel, it is thought to be entirely unnecessary.

The summer exodus to foreign parts, and to sea-side and mountain resorts in our own country, has fairly commenced. Recent departing ocean steamers have been crowded with passengers; the Hudson River and Sound steamboats are every day thronged, as are also railroad cars on every outgoing line.

The Mormon bishop, John D. Lee, executed a few months ago, left with his attorney his *Life and Confessions*, to be published after his death. This work will contain a complete history of Mormonism, with a revelation of the secret crimes of the Mormon Church. It will also include a full statement of Lee in regard to the Mountain Meadows massacre, with the names of those participating in it, and under whose orders it was carried out.

At the Centennial Exhibition last year there was shown by Herr Krupp a 56-ton breech-loader, which at that time was the largest breech-loader in the world. This great gun has been purchased by the Russian government and delivered at Cronstadt. It fires a charged steel shell of 1122 pounds, with an initial velocity of 1590 feet a second. The Sultan has ordered a companion piece for the defense of Constantinople. Herr Krupp is now finishing at Essen an 80-ton gun.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Rome, says that the jubilee has been the absorbing topic of the month (June), and that the strange costumes of foreign people have given animation to the streets. "Yet the result of the jubilee has not been satisfactory to the clerical party, which hoped that the number of pilgrims would have been much larger, and that they would have come from the higher classes of society. The 8245 pilgrims who were present on the 3d of June were few when compared with the numbers present at other jubilees of the Roman Catholic Church." The gifts presented to the Pope, however, were large, compared with the number of pilgrims, as many who were unable to visit Rome sent tokens of remembrance. Two pilgrims journeyed to Rome on foot, one from Paris and one from an Italian city, like veritable crusaders. The latter, a woman, who dragged herself, famished and tired as she was, to kiss the foot of the bronze statue of St. Peter, fell down fainting before it, and broke her arm on the marble pavement of the church.



WILLIAM CAXTON, THE FIRST ENGLISH PRINTER,

WILLIAM CAXTON.

Those of our readers who have taken an interest in the accounts of the festivals in honor of **William Caxton** recently held in England will find in our double-page illustration a timely tribute to the memory of one of the great benefactors of our race. The first man to introduce the printing-press among our English cousins, **Caxton**, lived and flourished twenty-five years before **Columbus** made his way across the Atlantic, and a century or more before the great tide of emigration set in toward our shores. Thus the people whom he awakened and enlightened by the influence of his magical art were in every sense our own ancestors, and the great service rendered to the cause of literature and education by the first English printer deserves recognition here as well as on the other side of the ocean.

Unhappily for art, **Caxton** did not know he was to be famous, and took no pains to leave any portrait or likeness of himself for other generations. Efforts have been made to identify several portraits, whose history has been lost, with the features of **Caxton**, but there is nothing to justify any such attempt. In the same manner, particulars regarding his life are almost entirely wanting, and, with the exception of a few occasional records, our knowledge of him depends upon such casual allusions to himself as may be found in his writings. The date of his birth is uncertain, but authorities generally agree that he was born in the Weald of Kent somewhere about the year 1421. When a youth he was apprenticed to a mercer named **Robert Large**, at that time one of the richest and most powerful merchants in the City of London. Shortly after his master's death, which occurred in 1441, **Caxton** left England and went to Bruges, still in the character of an apprentice mercer. There seems to have been small limit in regard to a master's or an executor's power of disposing of his employés, and it is probable that the young man was sent abroad in some business capacity. Masters were required to provide for their apprentices, but apparently without limitation in regard to place, and it was usual to send young men abroad to some important mart to gain experience in regard to trade.

Caxton's change of locality was of great advantage to him, first as a merchant and subsequently as a printer. Bruges had long been not only the seat of government of the Dukes of Burgundy, but the metropolis of trading for all surrounding countries. It was the Venice of the North. Thither from all parts of Northern Europe went merchants with their wares, England sending great consignments of wool, then her chief product. As the towns of Flanders depended in great measure on England for their raw material, it may be imagined that Englishmen and their goods were well
Moreover, **Philip** the Good,
who had almost from a child
the English court, gave gre
Company of Merchant Adv
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they were generally known.
trade in **Caxton's** time was
of trade guilds, analogous
to the Esterlings, or merchan
who in London carried on a
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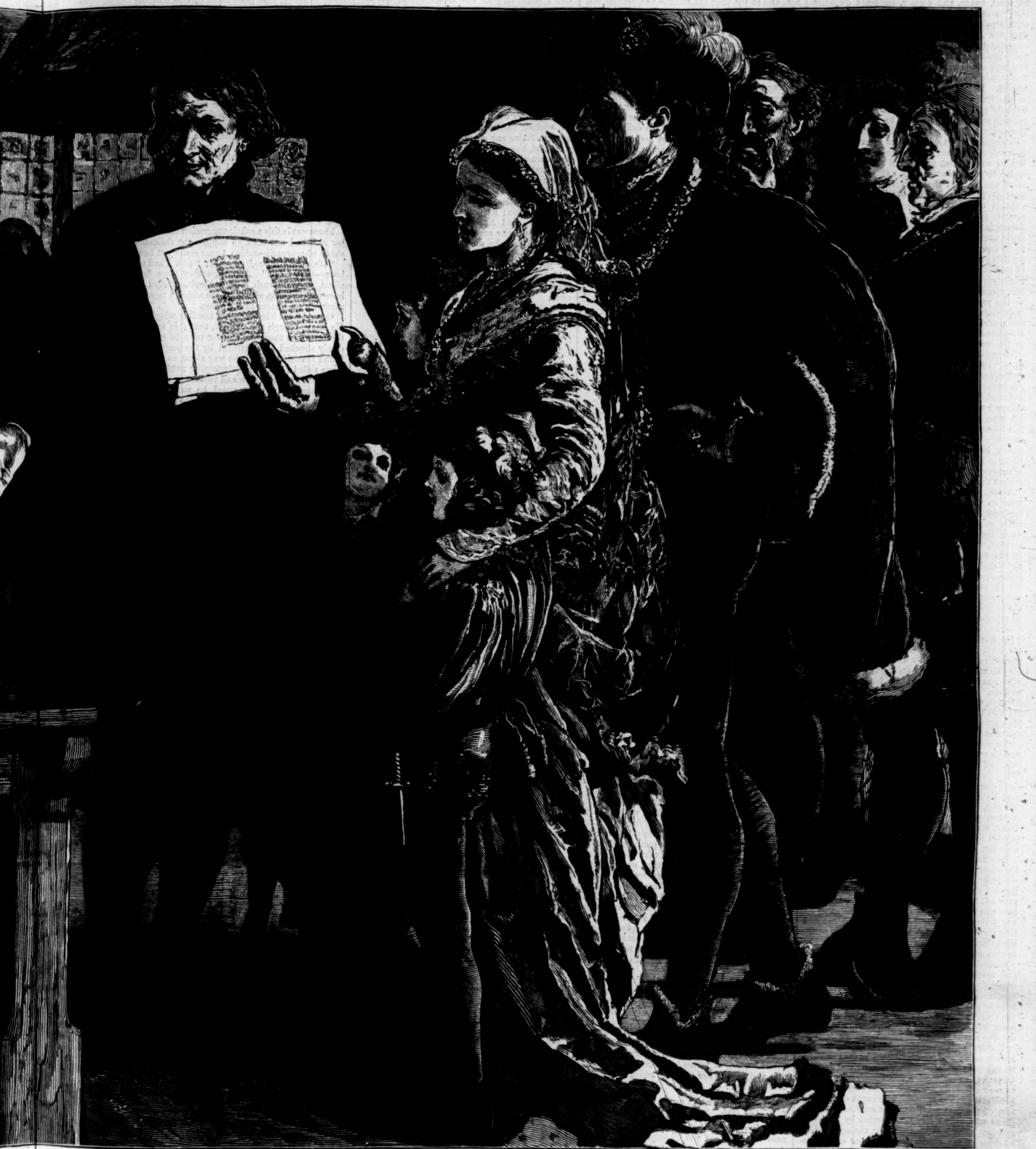

RINTER, SHOWING PRINTED PROOFS TO EDWARD IV.

were well received at Bruges.
the Good, Duke of Burgundy,
from a child been brought up at
rt, gave great privileges to the
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English Nation," by which title
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analogous in their constitution
, or merchants of the Steelyard,
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nities, granted on the one side
overnment, on the other by that

of the country in which they were domiciled in a common dwelling. This practice took its rise from the ignorant jealousy of the people, who imagined that the brutal foreigner was ruining the nation. Frequent tumults compelled foreign merchants to dwell in a semi-fortified structure, of which the old London Steelyard and the Domus Anglorum at Bruges are good representative specimens. The latter was a massive building, sufficiently well barred and bolted to secure it against any momentary outbreak of popular turbulence, and the company was duly enrolled and chartered, exercising an internal jurisdiction of its own. The mercers, whose foreign trade exceeded that of all other companies, appear to have originated the Association of Merchant Adventurers in the thirteenth century under the name of Guild (or fraternity) of St. Thomas à Becket, and to have retained the principal management for three centuries, although the grocers, drapers, fish-mongers, and several of the trade companies shared in the privilege of membership.

When CAXTON first went to Bruges he had three or four years of apprenticeship to work out, and he doubtless stuck closely enough to the Domus Anglorum until he became a full-fledged mercer. That he was not long in getting into business on his own account, and that he was successful in conducting it, is proved by the fact that in 1450 he was a sufficiently important man to be considered good security for one JOHN GRANTON, at the Staple at Calais, in the sum of one hundred and ten pounds—equal to at least a thousand of the present coinage. With the exception of his admission to the livery of the Mercers' Company in 1453, we now lose sight of CAXTON for ten years, during which, however, he must have grown in wealth and importance, for in 1463 he appears in no less a character than that of governor of the "English Nation" at Bruges. On entering into office he acted under a treaty of trade between England and Burgundy, which had been in force for a long time, but which would terminate in 1465. It was highly necessary that this treaty should be renewed betimes, and King EDWARD the Fourth accordingly issued a commission, dated the 24th October, 1464, joining in one embassy a clever statesman and a successful merchant. These were Sir RICHARD WHITEHILL, Knight, who had already been employed in several important embassies, and WILLIAM CAXTON, who, as the chief Englishman at Bruges, was "a most fit person." On this occasion negotiations were unsuccessful; but subsequently the discussion was renewed, and CAXTON became governor of the "English Nation"—a position which he occupied until 1469.

After this, CAXTON is not quite easy to comprehend. A wealthy merchant, enjoying a position of trust, honor, and dignity, suddenly dwindles into "a servant of the Duchess of Burgundy," undoubtedly enjoying court favor both in Flanders and England, but without recognized rank or position. Of the misfortune—for misfortune there must have been—which reduced Caxton to the rank of a clerk or court scribe, no record remains, nor does any trace appear of his former wealth. But now he has ample leisure to devote to the literary pursuits in which he had merely dabbled while a great merchant. Whatever the precise nature of his duties to the Duchess of Burgundy may have been, it is evident that he was thoroughly in his element as a translator. Not only did he have much time at his command, but he was also, at this period at least, untrammeled by domestic relations. One commentator is of the opinion that Caxton's restoration to Earl Rivers's English version of the *Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers* of a bitter satire against the fair sex is a proof that England's first printer lived and died a single man; but many competent authorities hold this reasoning to be inconclusive—nay, contradictory. He was probably unmarried while at Bruges, as the rules of celibacy were very strict among the guilds living beyond sea, as, indeed, were all their rules of life, specially constituted to avoid giving umbrage to the prejudiced lower orders. The Steelyard merchants had a stringent law on the subject, and probably the Merchant Adventurers imposed a similar restriction. Yet there is a curious entry in the accounts of the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster, in which Caxton himself was buried: "1490-2. Item, atte bureyng of Mawd Caxstone for torches and tapres, iijs. ijd."—a circumstance suggesting that perhaps the satire was included in the *Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers* by Caxton one day after a quarrel with his wife. In the better-known relations of his life he certainly had no occasion to complain of ill usage from women, as the king's sister, Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, always remained his steadfast friend and supporter, as was also Margaret, Duchess of Somerset, mother of King Henry the Seventh.

While under the roof of the duchess, Caxton went on with his translation of Le Fevre's *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, which he had begun while governor of the "English Nation." This work, commenced as an amusement by Master Caxton, and afterward abandoned, was continued by him subsequently, not entirely to his own delight and satisfaction. According to his own reckoning, it was commenced in the month of March, 1468 (really 1469, the Flemish year then beginning at Easter), and finished in the holy city of Cologne in September, 1471. The manuscript was presented to the Duchess of Burgundy by Caxton, who was delighted with his reception. "She hath well accepted it, and largely rewarded me, wherefore I beseech Almighty God to reward her with everlasting bliss after this life." Probably Caxton thought his dread lady far too great a person to need any prayers for her temporal welfare. This work of Caxton excited unusual interest; and it was the brisk demand for it that led him to turn his attention to printing. The *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye* is undoubtedly the first book printed in the English language, and it was during its progress through the press that Caxton, as he himself informs us in the epilogue of the third book, learned the new art. Who Caxton's instructor was is a matter of some dispute, one set of authorities maintaining that he learned the trade from Ulric Zel, of Cologne, and others that Colard Mausion, of Bruges, was his master. There can be little doubt, however, that the volume in question was printed at Bruges, and thus it is more than probable that Caxton learned his trade in that city.

The date of Caxton's return to England, like the other incidents of his life, is involved in much obscurity; but it is known that he established himself as a printer at Westminster before the year 1477. The first book issued from his press here was the *Game and Playe of the Chesse*. This was followed by others by various authors; and thus the first impulse was given to the art of printing in England. Among the earliest volumes to appear was the *Blanchardyn and Eglantine; or, Proude Lady of Love*, which taught English men and maidens what a novel was. Subsequently came *The Boke of Jason*, always and in every age, from the time of Homer to that of Mr. Harris, one of the most moving of romances. All of the Caxton books are printed in what is called black-letter—a style of types known in the present day as the Gothic.

The death of Caxton occurred in 1493 or the following year; and whether or not he died unwept, he has been left too long unhonored and unsung. Of late, however, the English people have striven to make amends for their neglect of so great a benefactor to the nation. The event of the erection of the first printing-press ever seen in England was recently commemorated by a special religious service at Westminster, the accomplished dean of the abbey preaching the commemoration sermon. Later, another commemoration service, similar to that in the abbey, took place in St. Paul's Cathedral; and elsewhere in England the advent of this interesting pioneer and prophet of wonderful achievements has been appropriately remembered. The loan collection of books from the Caxton press and from other early printers—a rare collection—has also been formally opened and dedicated at the South Kensington Museum.

The story of Caxton's life, meagre as the details are, contains much that is of striking interest and worthy to be remembered. We see an active and energetic man, after thirty years of commercial life, deliberately adopting a learned profession just as age is beginning to creep upon him, and his sight about to fail. Assuming the date of his apprenticeship as recorded in the Warden's Book of the Mercers' Company to be correct, he would in 1468, when he began to translate the *Recueil*, be at least forty-eight years of age, and at the time the volume was printed, not less than fifty-two. And according to his own testimony, time had told heavily upon him, for he exclaims, with a touch of weariness, on completing his work: "Thus end I this book, which I have translated after mine author as nigh as God hath given me cunning, to whom be given the laud and praising. And forasmuch as in the writing of the same my pen is worn, mine hand weary and not steadfast, mine eyes dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labor as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily and enfeebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to divers gentlemen and to my friends to address to them, as hastily as I might, this said book: therefore I have practiced and learned, at my great charge and expense, to ordain this said book in print, after the manner and form as ye may here see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books are, to the end that every man may have them at once, for all the books of this story, named the *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, thus imprinted as ye here see, were begun in one day and also finished in one day."

(Continued from No. 1071, page 527.)

CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE HAND OF FATE.

The afternoon was still, softer, brighter, warmer, than the morning; the wind went down, and turned into the softest puff of a caressing breeze; the white caps of the waves melted away into a delicious ripple which crisped without agitating the broad blue sunny surface of the water. Overhead a few flitting specks of white cloud sailed softly by like motes upon the unfathomable blue in which one lost one's self when one looked up. What a day it was! and what a strange dream of happiness to be floating there, between one blue and the other, suspended in that liquid world of air between the two, with soft blessedness of motion, and delicious tinkle of sound, and caressing of the air and of the sun! It was not too warm, nor too bright, nor too any thing, for the two who were afloat upon that summer sea. Their boat glided along as it pleased, with a little white sail to catch the little air that was blowing, and kind fortune watched over the voyage to see that no harm came—kind fortune, or some of the younger angels who watch over true lovers—for the captain of the little craft gave but small attention to the helm. Fortunately the sea was broad, and they were out of the way of the many vessels issuing from the Thames, the sight of which, as they floated downward, with white sails wooing the breeze, or even with fussy paddle-wheels or creaking screw which defied it, added, as far as sight could add, a certain additional charm to the blessedness of these two. Agnes felt herself the spoiled child of heaven. She looked up into the wonderful blue above, tears coming to her eyes and thanks into her heart. Was it not the hand of God that had turned all her life into joy and brightness—what else?—when she had not been serving Him as she ought? But that was Heaven's celestial way; and oh, with what fervor of grateful love, with what devotion and tender zeal of thanksgiving, would not she serve Him now! "Yes," she said, when Oswald displayed before her his pictures of happiness, and told where he would take her, how they should live, with what beautiful surroundings, amid what pleasures and sweetness and delight. "Yes"—it was all a dream of impossible blessedness sure to come true—"but we must still think of the poor," she said, looking at him with those sweetest tears in her eyes. He called her all kinds of heavenly names in the admiration of his young love—"Angel," as all lovers call all beloveds; and both of them felt a touch of tender goodness in them in addition to every other blessedness.

And yet there was one little thing that disturbed them both, which was no less and no more than the cap and poke-bonnet which Agnes wore. She took them off as they floated along, and threw a white handkerchief over her head, which made her look more like a Perugino than ever; and then Oswald produced out of his pocket a letter-case, which he was in the habit of carrying about with him, full of verses and scraps of composition, and read to her the lines which he had gone over so often:

> "From old Pietro's canvas freshly sprung
> Fair face."

With what a glow of happy yet subdued brightness the fair face was illuminated as he read! Agnes, who never had written a line, had a far more poetical mind than he had, who span them by the mile. Some mysterious tide seemed to rise in her veins as the words fell on her ears. It was all poetry—the situation, the scene, the voice, the wonderful incredible joy that had come to her beyond all expectation. She sat as in a dream, but it was a dream that was true. And the sunshiny sea stretched round them, and the soft air caressed them, and the soft ripples of water tinkled against the boat with silvery delicious sound, and the sky, unfathomable, awful, yet lovely, stretched over them. They were alone, absolutely free from all interruption, and the charmed hours flew. Oswald had provisioned the boat as he could, while she went to say good-by to her little charge, and to announce her intention of returning early to town. Agnes had eluded the kind Sisters, making a guilty pretense of having no time to see them. It was wrong, and a sense of guilt was in her heart; but the temptation was so great. He was her betrothed; there was no real *wrong* in these few sweet hours together; and he had pleaded so anxiously, and would have been so unhappy, so much disappointed, had she refused him. So nature won the day, as nature does so often, and this was the result. They ate a celestial meal together—biscuits and a little wine, which, even in the happiness of the moment, Oswald recognized as bad. They had floated out to the horn of the bay, and there lay, moving softly with the gentle lapping of the water, wishing for no more, too happy in the moment to desire any change.

At last, however, the sunset became too apparent, attracting their notice with its low lines of gold that came into their very eyes, low as they were upon the surface of the sea. Agnes had no watch, and Oswald would not look at his. "There is plenty of time," he said. "We shall get our train too soon; let us have as much of this as we can." And Agnes assented timidly. "So long as we make sure of our train." "Perhaps there may never be such a day again," she added, softly, under her breath.

"Better days, darling—hundreds of them," he said; and then, looking at her, began to repeat softly poetry which was very different from his own:

> "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
> The holy time is quiet as a nun,
> Breathless with adoration: the bright sun
> Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
> The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea."

These words hushed them, their pulses being toned to all manner of fantasies. The poetry was more real than the evening, and the evening more real than any thing in earth besides. And thus time glided, and the water rippled, and the sun went down, and the evening melted away.

"I am afraid we must get in now," he said, with a start, waking up. The long summer evening had just begun to wane, the first shadow coming into it from the east. Still, all was bright, a high festival of color where the sunset had been, over the glowing sea toward the west; but from the land the first chill of gray was already afloat, that told the approach of night. There was very little wind, but that was dead against their return, and so, when Oswald took to the oars, was the tide, which swept him round the horn of the bay with a special force of suction which he was not acquainted with. "All right," he said; "don't look frightened; we'll let ourselves drift past with the tide, and then run into the next little place. It is always a stopping train; and don't you remember we passed all those villages coming down?"

"But we did not stop," cried Agnes, dismayed.

"The last train stops every where," said the young man. "You are not cold? Put your cloak round you; and—ah, yes, the bonnet must go on again. I shall always love the bonnet. Yes, you shall keep one in your wardrobe always; there is nothing like it. 'The holy time is quiet as a nun—'".

"Oh," she said, "please do not think of any thing but to get back! If we should miss our train—"

"Is not this worth even missing a train?" he said, still looking at her. He was rowing indeed, and at last the boat was making way; but what did he care? He was too happy to think about a train. But then, Heaven help her! what was to become of *her* if this train was missed? Her face grew pale, then crimson, with the terrible thought.

"Oh, please, please do not delay! Yes, it has been delightful; but my train! What should I do? What would they say? Oh, for Heaven's sake—for pity's sake!"

"If you said for love's sake, for your sake, Agnes—"

"Ah, I do!" she said, clasping her hands; and he looked at her, smiling, with eyes she could scarcely meet. He rowed, it is true—yes, rowed at last with a little energy, but still smiled and talked, and would not see the anxiety that began to devour her. What was it to him? But to *her!* She looked at him with beseeching eyes.

"Yes, darling," he said; "yes, sweet; yes, my own!" and laughed and looked, and made her face glow with his tender eyes. It was like throwing sugar-plums at some one who was drowning. But Agnes was too much in love herself to be able to realize that this was not the best way of loving. It was very sweet, though it was almost cruel. How quickly the dusk seemed to steal on! The color faded away bit by bit from the sky; the blue went out of the water; the wind grew a little chill—or was it only anxiety and terror that made her chill? She began to forget every thing—what had happened, and even *him*, in her anxiety to get to the shore. Her brain began to swim. What would become of her? What would they say? Oswald was half affronted at last by her anxiety and silence, and swept along with long vigorous strokes that vindicated his character as an oarsman. Agnes sprang from the boat, almost neglecting his offered hand, when at last it grated upon the beach.

"I will run to the station," she cried, stumbling over the shingle, her heart beating, and dread in her soul. The train! the train! that was all she thought of. And oh, what would be thought of her? What had she been doing? She rushed along through the darkness, scarcely seeing where she went. Oswald had to stay behind, fuming, to settle about the boat, and engage some one to take it back. He overtook her only as she got to the station. A train was there, just ready to start, about which he received rather unsatisfactory information. But she had seated herself in the dark corner of a second-class carriage before he got up to her. After a moment's pause he seated himself by her side. It was better, perhaps, at least to get as far on as they could—to get out of the village, which was quite near enough to the Convalescent Home to permit of gossip reaching that place; and by this time Oswald was as self-reproachful as could be desired. He went and sat down beside her, penitent. It was no trouble to him to take the blame on himself at any time, and Oswald, who had been subject to much mild blame all his life, though he had never done any thing very wicked, knew that to take it upon yourself was to disarm your adversaries. He adopted this facile and touching method of self-defense.

"What a brute I am!" he said. "Can you ever forgive me?—to have risked your comfort, my darling, for pleasure to myself!"

"Oh no," she said, putting her hand timidly into his, which was held out for it. It seemed clear at once to Agnes that it was her fault.

"But yes," he said. "I ought to have been more thoughtful. Ah, forgive me, dearest! Think what the temptation was. I have never had you to myself before. The day was too sweet to end. I was too happy. But I should have thought of you."

There was in this a subtle suggestion that she on her side had not been so happy—the delicatest shade of reproach—which Agnes could not bear.

"Oh, do not say so," she said; "as if I had not been—happy too." And then they were both silent, clasping each other's hands. "And we have not missed it, after all," she added, a moment after, with a quaver in her voice.

Oswald kept silence with a horrible misgiving. He knew, though she did not, that this was not the train she thought; and for once he was sincerely shocked and alarmed by the position he found himself in. All the way along, as the carriage rolled through the darkening twilight at a pace which seemed slow and tedious to travellers accustomed to express speed, he was trying to turn over in his mind the best thing to do, looking at her returning confidence and ease with a sense of guilt and horrible anticipations. What was to be done? There was a hope that a train which must pass the junction might be stopped by signal if this lumbering little branch would only push on its feeble engine fast enough. But if not—All that was manly in him was roused by the emergency. It may be supposed he was not a very entertaining companion during the long three-quarters of an hour which it took them to reach the junction. It was almost dark, the soft dark of a summer night, when they were landed upon the desolate little platform, the sole travellers. One or two languid porters about were evidently waiting with impatience till this last disturber of their repose was cleared away. The day, which had been so deliciously fresh and sweet on the water, had been very hot inland, and the world in general was languid and anxious to be quite still and at rest.

"Wait here till I go and inquire," he said, depositing Agnes upon a seat. To be so far on her journey quieted her. She ceased to be anxious, supposing that the arrival of the other train was a simple matter of a few minutes' delay, and her mind floated back to the wonderful day just over, and to all the changes it would make in her life. She must tell Sister Mary Jane at once, who might shake her head, perhaps, but who would be pleased, Agnes thought, having long since assured her that she had no "vocation." And she must go home to the rectory, and make all known there, where, Agnes felt, there would be no great objection to parting with her, though her heart recoiled a little before all the questions, of what she thought a "worldly" description, that would be asked. She thought, as girls of a romantic turn often do, that all the fuss of marriage would be odious, and wished she could steal away quietly, and see nobody till all was over. How sweet that would be! she thought; without any "fuss," without the congratulations, the visits, the curiosity, the discussions about dress—all the vulgarities of the time. She sat in the corner where Oswald had placed her, running over all this prospect in her mind, at ease, though her heart was beating still with all that had just been, and all that must so soon be—for she must tell the Sisters to-night, and to-morrow probably she would have to go home. Thus Agnes mused, not sorry to rest, but wondering a little why Oswald was so long away, and why there were no preparations for the train.

He came up to her in another minute so pale that even through the dark and dimness the girl was startled. "Is there an accident?" she cried. He seized her hand, and drawing it through his arm, led her away hastily beyond the gaze of the porters. "Oh, my darling!" he cried; "oh, Agnes! what will you say to me? It is my fault, and what can I do to mend it? The train has gone."

She gave a frightened cry, and drew her arm from his; then looked wildly up and down the lines of iron way, clasping her hands with a look first of disbelief, then of despair, that went to his heart. "Is it true? It can not be true. Oh, what shall I do?—what shall I do?" she cried.

And then, indeed, the whole horror of the position burst upon Oswald. A young woman—a young lady—in her peculiar dress remarked by every body—left alone with him at a railway junction, night falling, no one to help them within reach, and no possibility, till the morning, of going either one way or the other, back to the Sisters at Limpet Bay, or to the House in London, or to her own home where explanations could be made. It was nothing for him; that and a hundred escapades much worse than that would be forgiven to Oswald. But for her, what calamity worse than death, what horror of evil-speaking, was involved! He was more to be pitied than she was at the moment, for he saw all that was to be feared with a clearer vision than hers, and felt that it was all his doing. His Perugino, his angel, his bride, his (all, in one word) Agnes, to be thus exposed to the world's jeers by him! The moment was bad enough for her, realizing as she did the painful interview at the House, and, more still, the scolding and suspicions of her mother, to whom all must be told in her turn; and not knowing what she could do for the moment, save sit there all through the night until the first morning train should come. But it was harder upon him, who was more acquainted with the ignoble part of the world than Agnes, and knew what people might say. She went away from him, trembling and crying, and sitting down once more on the rude bench, covered her face with her hands. What was she to do? As for Oswald, though it was (as he had just said a hundred times over) the happiest day of his life, this was perhaps the most terrible moment; for the question what he was to do was almost more difficult than for Agnes, since all the guilt was his.

At last he went to her and stood by her, grown timid, touching her shoulder softly with his hand. "Let me speak to you," he said. "Agnes—see, we are both in the same trouble, and I worse than you, for it is my fault. Darling, look here; you are going to marry me, anyhow, sooner or later. Why should not it be sooner, Agnes? Let me take you down to the inn and settle you comfortably—well, as comfortably as can be in this terrible scrape we have got into," he went on, his heart lightening a little as he saw that she listened to him, and encouraged even by the shake of her head at his suggestion, which she was too bewildered to understand at first. "Hush, dearest; hear me out. Then I will go up to town and—get a license."

"No, no, no," she said once more, covering her face with her hands.

"Think a moment, darling. That is how it would end, anyhow. Well, it might be banns," said Oswald, gradually coming to the surface again, feeling his heart rise and a furtive smile come to his lips. "Think only. In a week or two, in a month or two, this is what would happen, with nothing but fuss and bother and separation and ceremony between. Agnes! oh, I know you are not just a girl like so many that care for these foolish things, that like a fine wedding and all the folly of it. I will take you to the woman of the inn, and put you in her care, and I will bring my mother if you please."

"No, no!" she cried. "Your mother! Oh, she must not hear, must not see me like this!"

"But it is all my fault. Agnes, the license is far the shortest way. We will go quietly up to town and be married, and then what can any one say to us? They may say we have been silly. For my part, I think it is the wisest, by far the most sensible thing that any one could do," said Oswald, getting up and up to his natural level of light-heartedness. Agnes seemed to feel her own heart sinking lower and lower as he spoke; but what was she to do?

"There's an inn in the village, Sir, that is clean and respectable," said the station-master, coming up. "And I'm sorry to disturb you, and sorry for what's happened, but you can't keep the lady sitting out here; and the night's getting a bit chilly, for the dew is heavy after such a day. And we're going to shut up," the man added, becoming imperative, as it were, in this postscript. Oswald asked when the first train stopped in the morning, while Agnes rose and stood by, her whole frame throbbing and thrilling. She whose life had been so calm and still, with never a shock or startling incident in it, no emergencies to call out her judgment, how was she to know now how to act in this terrible crisis which had come unexpected, without a moment's preparation, into her life?

[to be continued.]

FROM ERZERUM TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

The war-worn East has no more renowned nor memorable pathway for armies than that which must lie open to the Russian forces after the fall of Erzerum. The conquest of Armenia opens the road to Constantinople; and it is not impossible that the invader may plant his cannon on the heights of Scutari, and assail the Turkish capital on its vulnerable point. Here all the fleets of England would apparently be of no avail, and the feeble defenses of the opposite shore must yield readily to the great range of modern artillery. Upon the fate of Erzerum depends the future history of the Eastern Mediterranean. Nor can one avoid looking back over the annals of that land, so often the sport of the genius of destruction, the centre of the combat of nations, without a shudder lest the spirit of Ahriman may not be forever repelled from his own country and people. Asia Minor, Syria, and the shores of the Euxine were the scenes of the great wars of antiquity. It was on the Trojan plain, not far from Constantinople, that Homer paints the graces of Hector and the inhuman triumph of Achilles. Along the coasts, where the Russions may advance to the Propontis, Darius led his forces against the savage Scythians, perhaps the ancestors of the Russians, and penetrated by a wonderful march to the Danube and into the heart of Russia itself. The account seems incredible, and a modern commander would scarcely undertake what the lord of the East accomplished five centuries before our era. Yet it is not an uninstructive circumstance to find, after the flight of two thousand years and more, the same races, and almost the same impulses of ambition and national rivalry, contending on the Danube and the Euxine. Only the positions of actors are changed, and a Scythian Darius presses upon the savage Turk.

Those who will trace upon the map the narrow pathway that lies between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and which Russia seems now about to join to its empire forever, will observe that Armenia is a high table-land, the source of great rivers, and the natural bulwark of those flat and prosperous countries below it, once the early homes of cultivation and empire. It looks down upon the wasted fields of Assyria and Persia. Beneath its shelter Syria and even Egypt may sleep secure. But the power that rules this high protecting ridge will command an access to the south-east and west that can never be effectually closed; and in every age of ancient warfare the highlands of Armenia seem to have been held as the frontier of the south against the north. Darius's war against the Northern barbarians was probably a just one—the only security of ancient civilization. Macedon and Alexander tamed and controlled the independent people of Armenia. They became free, to be again subjugated by Trajan. The new Persian dynasty held the rocky gate of the East, and in time Armenia became Mohammedan and at last Turkish. War never ceased to be the ruling condition of its tribes. It was involved in all the contests of Byzantine Rome and Persia's kings; it saw the wonderful exploits of the Emperor Heraclius; it was to witness and share the contest between the worshipers of Mohammed and of Zoroaster.

In the earlier wars that raged over the East the religious element had little share; the Persians and Medians, Cyrus or Nebuchadnezzar, Egyptian Pharaohs, Alexander and his generals, the republican or imperial Romans, from Pompey to Aurelian, were anxious to conquer and to plunder rather than convert; and it was not until the Saracens issued from their deserts that the rage of fanaticism added to the horrors of battle. For those contests there was no quarter and no mercy. The victories of the Saracens were universal massacres; the alternative was conversion or the sword. The Crusaders adopted the savage example, and entered Jerusalem amidst a scene of bloodshed; popes taught that it was no crime to slay an infidel, and saints inculcated the duty of exterminating the enemies of the Cross. Religion fired the hostile nations; all through the Middle Ages the fleets of Africa, Egypt, and the East ravaged the Christian coasts of the Mediterranean, and when the Turk had seized upon Constantinople and extended his authority to the straits of Hercules, the religious war raged with new ardor, and every cove and bay were stained with Christian blood. Little peace could the people of Southern Europe have known in those early days; the shores of Italy, Provence, and Spain were never free from the attacks of swift corsairs and hideous Barbarossas, and the markets of Tunis and Constantinople were fed with the fairest and the noblest of Christian slaves. It was for a long time in doubt whether Europe could defend itself against Mohammedanism, and Saracen and Turk were successively the masters of the Mediterranean.

At length the Crescent sank before the Cross, and Christian navies and armies retorted upon the East the savage cruelties of its rulers. But for three centuries Syria, Asia Minor, Armenia, the pathway of the Caucasus, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, remained unassailed and impregnable to Christian arms, and it was not until Napoleon invaded Egypt, and Greece was made independent, until Russia pressed down into the Caucasus and besieged Kars (1854), that the power of the Turk was wholly broken, and the weakness of his rule became apparent over the vast territory he had held so securely since the opening of modern history. In Europe probably 4,000,000 Turks govern and oppress 9,000,000 of Christians. In Asia, of a population of 16,000,000, possibly one-third are Christians, Greeks, and Armenians, and only 80,000 Jews. In the whole Turkish Empire, excluding Africa, of its 29,000,000 or 30,000,000 inhabitants, nearly 18,000,000 are Mussulmans, and 11,000,000 are Greeks and Armenians, and another million are Catholics, Jews, and other sects. The numbers are still uncertain, but this is the estimate of M. A. Ubicini, and the proportion at least may be relied upon. Even in Asiatic Turkey a large part of the population is Christian, and never perfectly satisfied under the Moslem rule.

To this heterogeneous and disordered empire of various races and creeds, once so terrible to Europe, the fall of Erzerum and the passage of the Balkans must apparently give the final shock of dissolution. If the Russians penetrate into Armenia and Syria, they will find many friends. Of the Christian population, the Armenians are probably the most industrious and most valuable, and from Erzerum to Aleppo, the race, Mr. Palgrave relates, is always the same. Strong, with heavy frame, thick overhanging eyebrows, full and aquiline nose, a dark and lustreless eye, a mass of dingy raiment, the Armenian is a busy laborer, farmer, usurer. His cottage is untidy, his loquacity unrivaled; his farm is always well tilled, and his perseverance and frugality usually bring him wealth. But it is as usurers and capitalists that the Armenian Christians have gained their great fortunes; hard and pitiless, they exact their illegal interest from the struggling peasants, and depopulate whole districts to insure their enormous gains. In religion the Armenian resembles the Greek, whom he detests, and his fondness for education, and his tasteful cottages and villas, his excellent cookery, his liberal hospitality, the number of proselytes this sturdy race furnishes to Protestantism, seem to show that a spirit of progress might easily be awakened in one body, at least, of the Eastern Christians. Mr. Palgrave, who has a bitter prejudice against the Russians, and a strong desire to discern some element of excellence in the Turk, is never weary of depreciating the Oriental Greek. He is vain, he thinks, loquacious, immoral, cruel, unfaithful. For Europeans he has no other name but "dogs," however eminent their service to his country, or however warm their professed philhellenism; when Englishmen call at a Greek house, we are told, the maid-servant will tell her master that some σκυλιφρανκοι, or "European dogs," are waiting to see him. The Greek merchants, Mr. Palgrave asserts, have too often in view a fraudulent bankruptcy; the Greek priests, a simoniacal contract; the Greek young men, a career of ceaseless profligacy. The Greek religion consists, he thinks, in a bitter hatred of all other sects, and a total neglect of the moral portions of the law. Such is the picture of an enemy, but it is still probable that the Oriental Christians have many unnoticed excellences, and it is certain that intellectually the Armenian and the Greek are far in advance of their severe and unchanging masters.

One gift of modern progress the Russians must bring to European and Asiatic Turkey—the total suppression of every form of human slavery. The Circassian will never again sell his children to the harems of Aleppo, Nubian slaves guard the palaces of Constantinople, or troops of captive women follow the fortunes of their Turkish lords. Another gift might be education. The Christian population of the East are already eager for knowledge. They may receive from Russian sources the secrets of Western progress. But one principle must accompany all the conquests of Russia if they are to be lasting. It must enforce universal toleration. No persecuting race or caste can ever hope to win the favor of mankind. Ultramontanism, the enemy of knowledge, is possibly laboring for its own overthrow. The murderous or unprogressive castes of Europe and America must perish in their guilt. The slayers of women and children, and all their abettors, are marked out for a horrible retribution. But the nation that holds the city of Constantinople for its capital should be the centre of Eastern progress, the teacher of humanity, liberality, and purity to all the Asiatic world.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The ninth annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of New York, for 1876, contains a report by Seth Green, the Superintendent of the State Fisheries, in regard to the shad hatching for the year, in which it is stated that 1,927,000 eggs were taken and artificially impregnated, and 1,850,000 young shad turned loose into the Hudson a few miles below Albany. The total number of shad taken was 536, of which 101 were ripe, thus averaging about 20,000 eggs to each fish. The number hatched and turned into the river the Commissioners think a fair showing, under the circumstances, and they do not anticipate that any thing much better can be done until laws are enacted which shall secure the entrance of a sufficient supply of mature fish to the spawning grounds. The number this year, however, was considerably less than that of the year preceding—a fact much to be regretted.

The Commissioners state that the shad nets are ten times as many as were used six years ago, this increase being consequent upon the great increase in the number of fish produced by artificial propagation.

The report contains a series of communications from various parts of the State in reference to the absolute results for the last nine years in the way of increasing the fish supply in different parts of the State.

Mr. J. Russell Rives, who has made from time to time many important contributions to natural history, especially while a resident of China, died in England on the 1st of May, at the age of seventy-three. His name will be long preserved in association with the magnificent species of Chinese pheasant sent home by him.

Dr. J. F. Bransford, U.S.N., and Dr. Earl Flint, of Nicaragua, have been engaged, in behalf of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, in the investigation of sundry ancient remains in Nicaragua and Costa Rica, in the course of which they succeeded in obtaining quite a number of carvings in the green jade, or jadeite, considered so precious by the antiquarian. A special journey was made by them of many hundred miles across the mountains in search of the mine where this material was said to be found in its crude state; but though apparently on its track several times, they were unable to find it. They, however, were the first in America to find some small unworked fragments. It is not a little remarkable that while articles of this material, known sometimes as chalchihuatl, occur in the Southern United States, Mexico, Central and South America, the source whence it is derived has never yet been ascertained, this constituting at present one of the principal problems in American mineralogy.

The applications of chloral hydrate in medicine and surgery, as also in domestic economy generally, appear to be multiplying, a recent use of this substance being as a local treatment for diphtheria, for which remarkable success is claimed in the use of a solution of the chloral with glycerine, applied by means of a small brush to the false membrane.

In neuralgic pains chloral hydrate has also been used with success in cases where other remedies have failed. It is applied by means of folds of lint, saturated with the chloral, of the size of the part on which it is to be used, brought in close contact, then covered with three or four layers of lint and finally with oil-silk. The strength of the solution is about four drams to sixteen ounces of water, the addition of a small quantity of glycerine being advantageous. This solution applied to ulcers prevents their offensive odor, and at the same time promotes the development of a healthy granulation. Applied externally, it has a local sedative action.

The annoyance produced by the discharge of steam from the safety-valves of steam-engines, and the attendant danger of frightening horses, make any invention desirable by which these can be avoided. Quite recently Mr. Thomas Shaw has devised what he calls a superior exhaust nozzle, which allows the free escape of steam, while quieting the noise entirely. A committee of the Franklin Institute reports that, in view of the practical success of the invention, Mr. Shaw has rendered great service to the community, for which they award to him the Scott legacy premium and medal.

A discovery of no little interest to archæologists, as well as of important financial promise, has lately been made by Captain Burton in the "Land of Midian." This distinguished and accomplished traveller was lately invited by the Khedive of Egypt to visit the region mentioned, and investigate its alleged richness in mineral wealth, about which some exciting stories were current in Egypt. This country, it is said, has been absolutely unvisited in modern times, but numerous traditions induced the examination referred to.

The region is situated on the eastern coast of the Gulf of Akabah, and was reached by Captain Burton on a government frigate, provided with a military escort, and accompanied by a competent mining engineer. The party left Suez on the 21st of March, and reached the port of Moilah, on the eastern coast of the Red Sea, at the entrance of the Gulf of Akabah, on the 2d of April. Here they found an Egyptian garrison. They proceeded thence to Eynounah Bay, where they found, to their surprise, large deserted towns, filled with solid masonry, aqueducts five miles long, remains of massive fortresses, artificial lakes, etc.—all signs of great wealth and prosperity.

In the vicinity they found great promise of gold and silver, and evidences that extensive mining operations had been carried on for a long time. Indications of tin and antimony were met with, as also of turquois. Each town had its mining works; dams for the washing of sand and crushed rock were frequently seen, as also scoria lying about the ancient furnaces, etc. It is said that Captain Burton will continue these explorations for the purpose of showing exactly what may be expected from the establishment of a thorough system of mining. Apart from the profits of such an operation, the exploration and occupation of the country can not but be of great interest, as the region is now entirely unknown, no modern traveller having ever entered it.

The general plan of operations of the Woodruff expedition round the world has been finally established, and a pamphlet issued giving some interesting details. As already mentioned in our columns, this great undertaking embraces a large first-class steamer, manned by officers of the United States navy, and intended to carry a party of scientific professors and students in a voyage round the world, starting in October, 1877, and continuing for two years. The undertaking is under the direction of Mr. James O. Woodruff, a wealthy citizen of Indianapolis, with Mr. Daniel Macauley as secretary. They have engaged the services of a number of eminent naturalists as associates in the enterprise, and as teachers and managers of the details of the voyage—among them Professor Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University; Dr. W. G. Farlow; Professor W. L. B. Jenney, of the University of Michigan; Professor Sidney J. Smith, of Yale College; Professor Israel C. Russell, of the School of Mines, Columbia College; C. Hart Merriam; Dr. J. H. Kidder, U.S.N., and others. The number of students is limited to eighty. The whole expense to each student is $5000.

As already explained, this voyage of circumnavigation is for the purpose of visiting the most interesting localities of the world which are readily accessible from the ocean, and to prosecute researches and make collections in natural science under the direction of experienced teachers and guides.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The small boy has two prime objects in view in getting a "fighting cut" to his hair in warm weather. One is to show his vigilant father that he hasn't been in swimming; and the other, because he can lie in bed five minutes longer in the morning; he doesn't have to comb his hair.

A Spanish proverb says, "The man who on his wedding day starts as a lieutenant in the family, will never get promoted."

"But I pass," said a minister in Philadelphia, one Sunday, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades!" yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, being assisted by one of the deacons with a full hand of clubs.

A professor was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said, "It's of no use; I was cut out for a loafer." "Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you understood his business."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a New York judge, trying a prisoner for murder, "they say that the fact of the prisoner's killing his sweetheart shows that he was insane. Merciful powers! gentlemen, if that be so, what would they have said if he had married her?"

A Western woman having been spoken of as "having one foot in the grave," a wicked journalist remarks that there must be a big hole out there somewhere.

Doctors never allow ducks on their premises, they make such personal remarks.

A promising young prima donna who sung at a Chicago concert the other evening, was introduced to the audience by a Mr. Chew. Now if the young lady had any regard for herself or her hearers, she would never have made her appearance on the stage with a Chew to back her.

Two Irishmen were recently looking at people stretching a rope from one house-top to another for the purpose of suspending a banner. "Shure an' what will they be afther a-doin' at the top of thim houses there?" Pat asked. "Faith, an' it's a submarine telegraph they're afther puttin' up, I suppose," answered Mick.

Young Lady. "It was a very stylish dinner."

Learned Uncle. "Stylish! are you using the word correctly?"

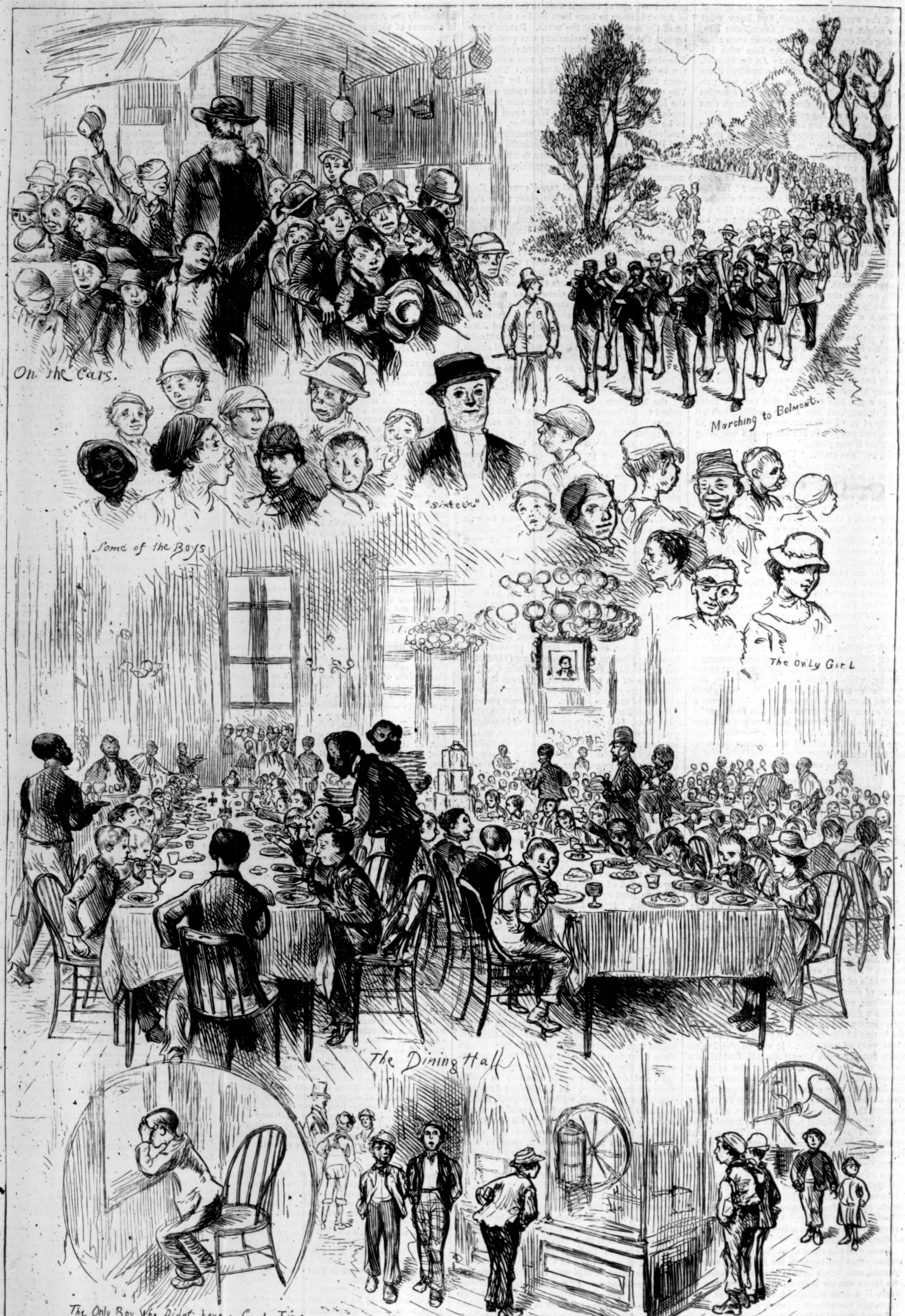
Young Lady. "Certainly; from sty, a pig-pen, and lish, the noise made by the ho—animals when eating."

[*Learned uncle in despair.*

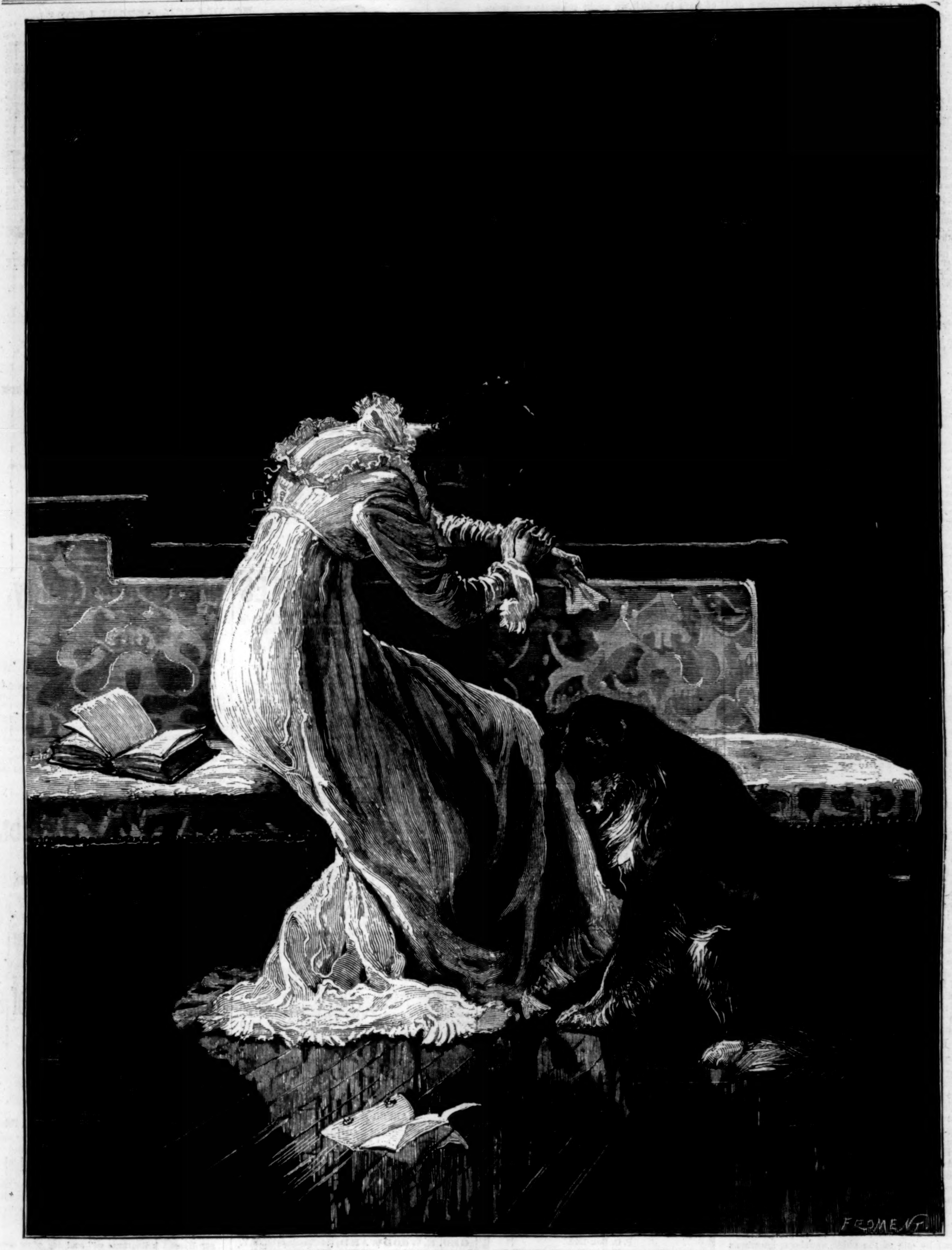
"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Baltimore lawyer in the criminal court, "do you believe that my client was guilty of selling beer to a boy in a small bottle?" The jury thought it was a mixed proposition, and disagreed.

"I have often wondered," said a would-be wit, to an eminent divine, "why, at a dinner, the goose is always placed before the clergyman." "That was just my case when I saw you placed before me," the divine quietly remarked.

A Drove of Bulls.—In a debate on the leather tax, in 1795, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Plunkett, observed, with emphasis, "that in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his last guinea to protect the remainder." Mr. Vandeleur said, "However that might be, the tax on leather would be severely felt by the barefooted peasantry of Ireland." To which Sir Boyle Roche replied, "This could be easily remedied by making the under-leathers of wood."


On the Cars.
Marching to Belmont.
Some of the Boys
"Sixteen"
The Only Girl
The Dining Hall
The Only Boy Who Didn't have a Good Time
In the Exhibition Building

FOURTH-OF-JULY DINNER GIVEN TO THE PHILADELPHIA NEWSBOYS BY MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 570.]



"THE REIGN OF TERROR."—[FROM A PAINTING BY PERCY MACQUOID.]

"THE REIGN OF TERROR."

WHATEVER sensations of horror may be awakened by the accounts of the atrocities practiced in any country that fate has made the theatre of war, or convulsed by the terrors of anarchy and revolution, the history of France during the outbreak of the people in 1793 seems to eclipse them all in ghastliness. Never before or since were a class of people so refined, delicate, and cultivated, however wicked, exposed to the power of an infuriated mob. The awful wrongs suffered by the lower orders, and the criminal thoughtlessness of a selfish aristocracy, had created a race of people little above the level of wild beasts, who, when their fury was at last aroused, exhibited the savage traits of tigers in their native jungle. In the present age of justice and consideration for the rights of others it is almost impossible to understand the blind disregard of a government and aristocracy so enlightened as those of France for every principle of right and decency; but the traditions of their forefathers had descended to them from feudal times, and a state of things so conducive to ease and selfishness was naturally too pleasant to be changed by those who had it in their power to preserve it.

Thus, when the storm did fall, it fell upon the heads of men and women so lapped in luxury, and vengeance was dealt out by hands so rough and horny with unpaid toil, that however well deserved the punishment may have been, the spectacle presented was like that of a delicately nurtured child torn by the fangs of an angry blood-hound. It is natural to sympathize with a creature overwhelmed by a catastrophe for which its previous experience has done nothing to prepare it, however guilty it may have been, and thus the horrible death of the unfortunate French monarch and the men and women that had shared his unholy pleasures never fails to awaken an emotion of pity that is not accorded to the sufferings of the blood-thirsty ROBESPIERRE. At this time, too, so much of misery fell upon the innocent, who had never done aught to bring about the state of affairs which involved them and all connected with them in common ruin.

In the above engraving the artist has selected for his subject a scene that must have been repeated a myriad of times in the fair capital of France during the so-called "Reign of Terror." News of some sort has arrived, a woman is broken-hearted, and the very dog gazes with horror at the missive that has done the work. The story of this horrible period has been told many times by one author and another with startling power; but nowhere is it done with more fidelity to truth than in DICKENS's *Tale of Two Cities*. The blighted girl in the picture might be the very heroine, Lucie Manette, at the moment when she learns that her husband has been arrested and sent to the famous prison of La Force. Of the awful terror of the time through which the maids and matrons of France waited to learn the fate of those they loved, we have the following description from the great novelist's pen:

"The new era began; the king was tried, doomed, and beheaded; the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death declared for victory or death against the world in arms; the black flag waved night and day from the great towers of Notre Dame; three hundred thousand men, summoned to rise against the tyrants of the earth, rose from all the varying soils of France, as if the dragon's teeth had been sown broadcast, and had yielded fruit equally on hill and plain, on rock, in gravel and alluvial mud, under the bright sky of the South, and under the clouds of the North, in fell and forest, in the vineyards and the olive grounds, and among the cropped grass and the stubble of the corn, along the fruitful banks of the broad rivers, and in the sand of the sea-shore. What private solicitude could rear itself against the Year One of Liberty—the deluge rising from below, not falling from above, and with the windows of heaven shut, not opened? There was no pause, no pity, no peace, no interval of relenting rest, no measurement of time. Though nights and days circled as regularly as when time was young, and the evening and the morning were the first day, other count of time there was none. Hold of it was lost in the raging fever of a nation, as it is in the fever of one patient. Now, breaking the unnatural silence of a whole city, the executioner showed the people the head of the king; and now—it seemed almost in the same breath—the head of his fair young wife, which had had eight weary months of imprisoned widowhood to turn it gray. And yet, observing the strange law of contradiction which obtains in all such cases, the time was long while it flamed by so fast. A revolutionary tribunal in the capital, and forty or fifty thousand revolutionary committees all over the land; a law of the Suspected, which struck away all security for liberty or life, and delivered over any good and innocent person to any bad or guilty one; prisons gorged with people who had committed no offense, and could obtain no hearing—these thing became the established order and nature of appointed things, and seemed to be ancient before they were many weeks old. Above all, one hideous figure grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world—the figure of the sharp female called 'La Guillotine.' It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache; it infalliby prevented the hair from turning gray; it imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion; it was the National Razor, which shaved close: who kissed 'La Guillotine' looked through the little window and sneezed into the sack. It was the sign of the regeneration of the human race. It superseded the Cross. Models of it were worn on breasts from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was denied. It sheared off heads so that it and the ground it polluted were a rotten red. It was taken to pieces like a toy puzzle for a young devil, and was put together again when the occasion wanted it. It hushed the eloquent, struck down the powerful, abolished the beautiful and good. Twenty-two friends of high public mark, twenty-one living and one dead, it had lopped the heads off in one morning in as many minutes. The name of the strong man of Old Scripture had descended to the chief functionary who worked it; and so armed, he was stronger than his namesake, and blinder, and tore away the gates of God's own Temple every day."

THE REIGNING BELLE.

MR. ABBEY'S picture on our front page, illustrating a romantic episode of rural school-day life, provokes a good-humored smile at the precocious exhibition of jealousy and triumph displayed by the rivals for the favor of the "reigning belle." One hardly knows which is the more amusing—the elation of the young gentleman who has secured the inestimable privilege of carrying the lass's school-books, or the jealousy depicted in his rival's face, while the sly puss between them seems to betray no preference for either.

OLD NEPTUNE'S WELCOME.

"Come unto these yellow sands."

NEW YORK is fortunate in the number of fine ocean beaches within easy reach by boat or railway. A sail or ride of an hour carries thousands of persons to spacious stretches of the sea-shore, where bathing is safe, and where they can find ample accommodation in well-kept and inexpensive places of refreshment. This is a great boon to multitudes of families that are unable to leave the hot and dusty city for any length of time. At a small cost of time and money they can enjoy the cool air of the ocean, an invigorating dip in the salt-water, and a healthful relaxation from their daily occupations. Old Neptune, as depicted in our illustration on page 560, is a most beneficent water deity, and extends a ready welcome to rich and poor.

PHILADELPHIA NEWSBOYS.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS did a good thing in giving the newsboys of Philadelphia a dinner on the Fourth of July. It was a unique affair, and a most gratifying success. The dinner was spread in the grand saloon of Belmont Mansion, in Fairmount Park. Over six hundred tickets were issued, and five hundred and sixty-eight boys attended. The dinner was in several courses, comprising green turtle soup, broiled spring chicken, salads, light desserts, etc., and the boys sat at the tables nearly two hours. At first they were very well behaved, but not being accustomed to the long delays between the courses, they became rather boisterous later, and expressed their impatience in choice extracts from their peculiar slang. They were, however, kept pretty well in hand by one of the older newsboys, known as "Sixteen," whose portrait is given in our illustration of the festivity on page 568. The slightest word from him was sufficient to restore order when the hilarity threatened to become too boisterous.

Mr. CHILDS could not be present at the dinner, but was represented by Mr. WILLIAM V. M'KEON, manager of the *Ledger*, and Mr. ALEXANDER RAMSEY, Jun. Hon. DANIEL M. FOX made a speech to the boys, and Governors CARROLL and HARTRANFT were introduced, being greeted by loud cheers. After the dinner the boys were provided with tickets to the Zoological Garden and the Permanent Exhibition at the expense of Mr. CHILDS.

Some such entertainments, varying, of course, with the character and class of boys entertained, would, we fancy, soon become an entirely satisfactory substitute for the crackers and torpedoes usual on the Fourth of July. There are scores of ways in which we might celebrate our independence enjoyably, and yet avoid a multitude of dangers to limb and life, and numerous conflagrations, small and large.

THE essentials for wide popularity are fully met in COLGATE & Co.'s Cashmere Bouquet Soap. It is universally esteemed by the tasteful and refined as the most delicate and recherché of perfumes, and the name and trade-mark of COLGATE & Co. on each package are a guarantee of superior and uniform quality. With such nice adaptation, the success of this article is not surprising.—[*Com.*]

FRANK LESLIE, Esq., of the "Illustrated Weekly," says: "For some time past I have been using *Burnett's Cocoaine*, and think it far preferable to any thing I have ever used for the hair."—[*Com.*]

THE COMMON SYMPTOMS

Of Liver Complaint are sallow skin, coated tongue, costiveness, offensive breath, drowsiness, headache, etc. All persons thus affected may be speedily relieved by SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS. The symptoms of Worms are often mistaken for those of Liver Complaint; but as the Pills are applicable to either case, the mistake of one disease for the other will cause no inconvenience if these Pills are used as the remedy.—[*Com.*]

THE wonderful increase in the sale of WALTER BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is the fullest indorsement of its superior excellence as the best light drink known for feeble stomachs.—[*Com.*]

ALL nervous, exhausting, and painful diseases speedily yield to the curative influences of Pulvermacher's Electric Belts and Bands. They are safe, simple, and effective, and can be easily applied by the patient himself. Book, with full particulars, mailed free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Pure white teeth and a sweet breath are, as the poet says, "an excellent thing in man and woman." Nothing adds so much to the personal appearance as a fine set of teeth, and to neglect their care is inexcusable. To keep them free from scurf, and spotless as pearls, cleanse them daily with

FRAGRANT SOZODONT.

It is a wholesome Botanical preparation, and has a refreshing effect upon the mouth. *Repulsive Breath*, arising from Catarrh or use of tobacco and liquors, is completely neutralized by the use of Sozodont. It is loudly praised by artists of the dramatic and lyric profession, who especially know the value of a reliable dentifrice. Sold by Druggists every where.

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In order to introduce the Royal Gold American Watch and Chain, I will send one on trial for six months; then, if you are not perfectly satisfied with the Watch, you can return it, without being under any obligation to purchase. Price, including chain, $19 50. This Watch is stem-winding and stem-setting. Those wishing one on trial, address
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Breech-Loading Rifle, $7.50.
Revolvers, 7-Shot, $3 00. English Double Shot-Gun, $12 00. Send for Circular.
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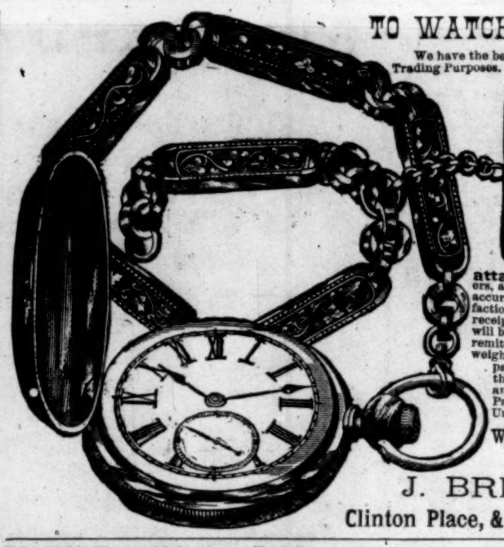

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We have the best Imitation Gold Watch in the Market for Trading Purposes. The metal is a composition of other metals, so closely resembling gold that the best judges find it difficult to detect the difference, except by a chemical test, and it has the virtues requisite to make it the best substitute for gold known. GENUINE AMERICAN MOVEMENT. EXPANSION BALANCE. BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED OR ENGINE TURNED HUNTING CASES, and equal in appearance to a **GOLD WATCH THAT COST FROM $150 to $200.** It sells and trades readily, for from $60 to $100, and if you wish a watch for your own use or to make money on, try this. Owing to our large sales, we are enabled to reduce the price of them to **$12 each with an elegant Chain attached.** They are used on Railroads, Steamers, and in Manufactories, and other places where accurate time is required, and gives general satisfaction. We send them by Mail or Express on receipt of $12, to any part of the Country, or it will be sent C.O.D. when the customer desires and remits $3 on account. These Elegant CHAINS weigh about Fifty Pennyweights, and the same pattern in pure gold would cost $100. We sell these Chains at $3 each. But we sell the Watch and Chain for $12, sent by Mail in a Registered Package, post-paid, to any Post Office in the United States.

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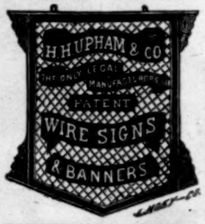

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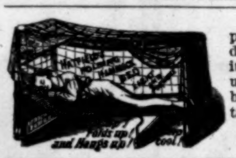
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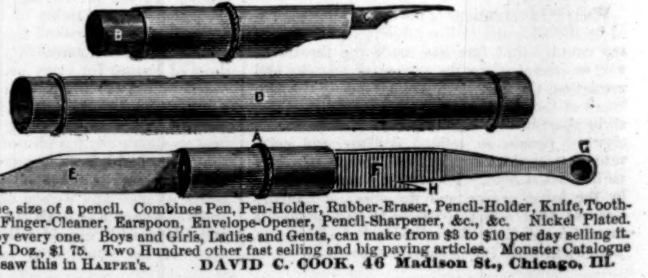

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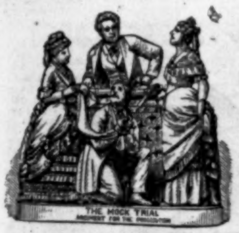

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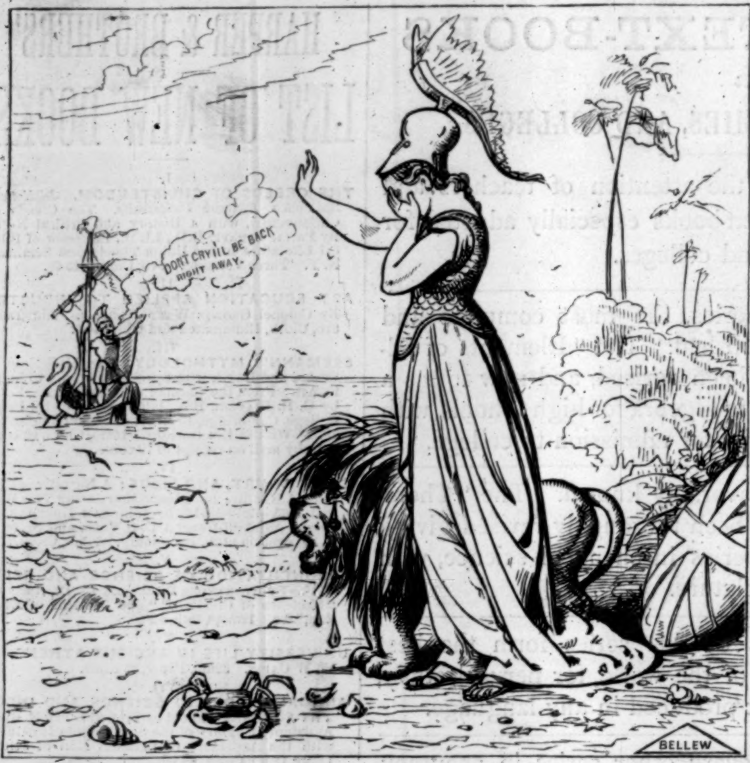
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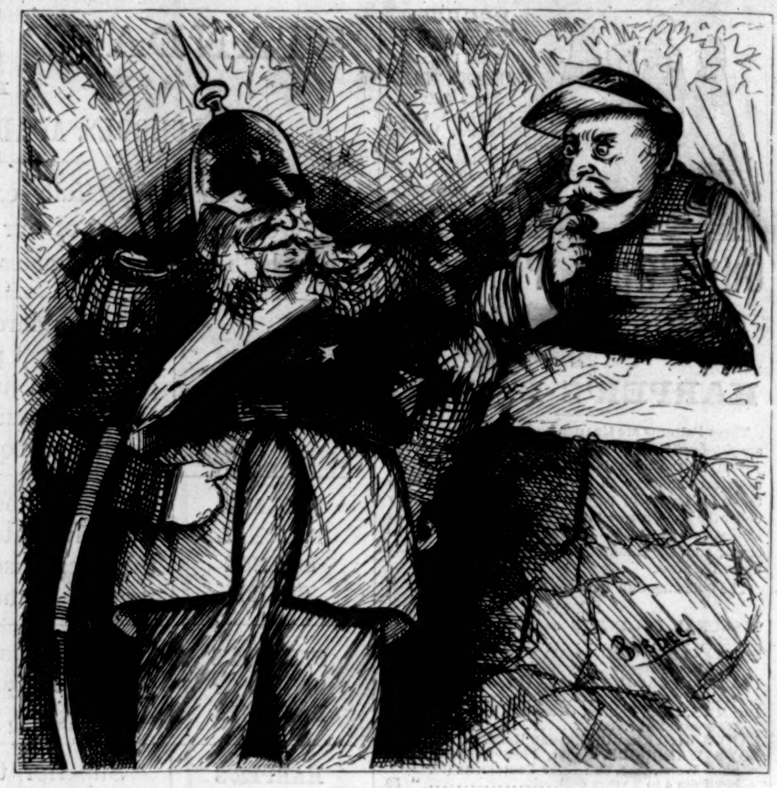

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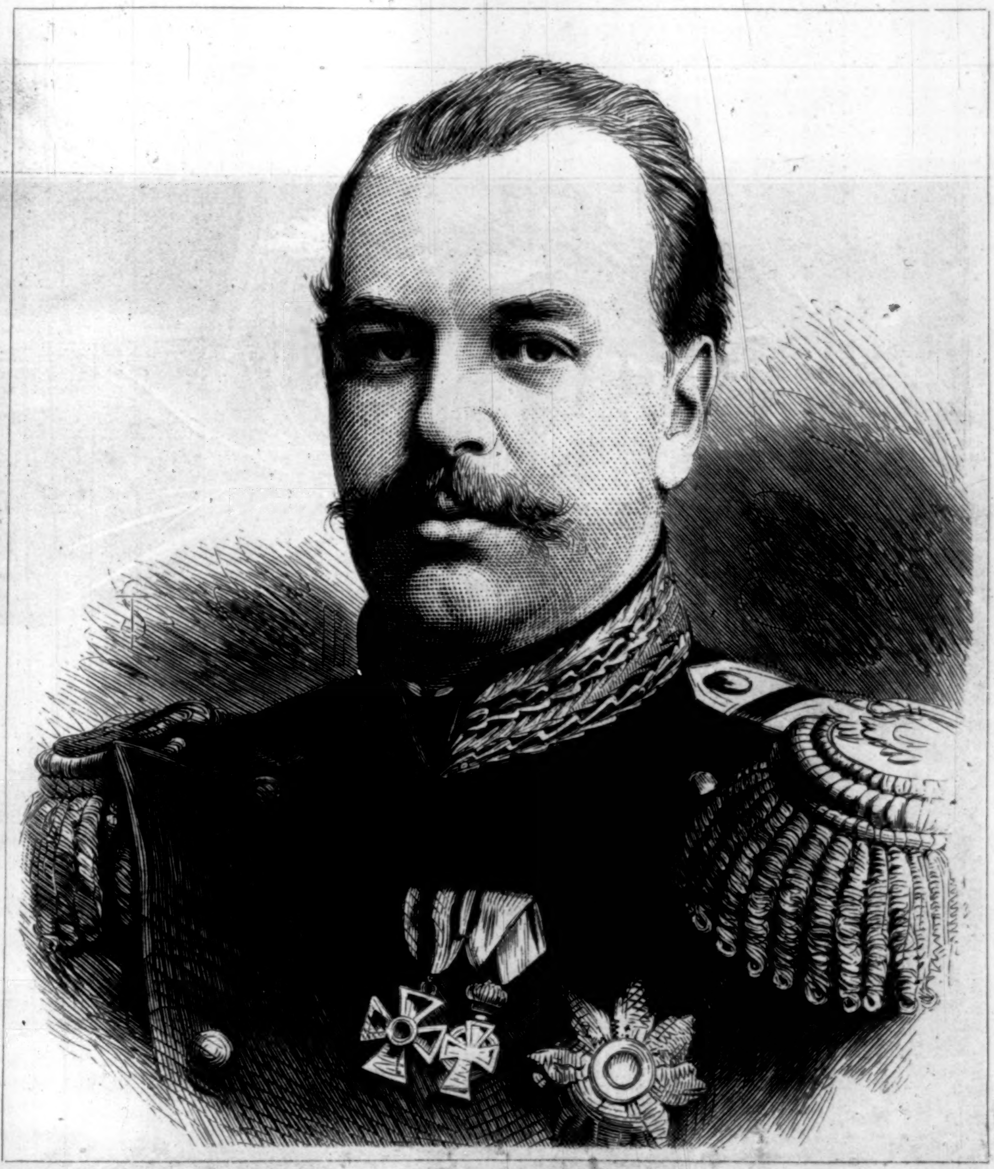
His Imperial Highness Alexander Alexandrovitch, who, since the death of his elder brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, in 1865, has been the heir-apparent to the throne of Russia, was born in March, 1845. He was married in November, 1866, to Princess Dagmar, a daughter of King Christian IX., of Denmark. His Imperial Highness is a Lieutenant-General of the Russian army, Hetman of the Cossacks, and Colonel of many regiments. He is reputed to have a strong predilection for military affairs.



THE GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER ALEXANDROVITCH, HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF RUSSIA.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

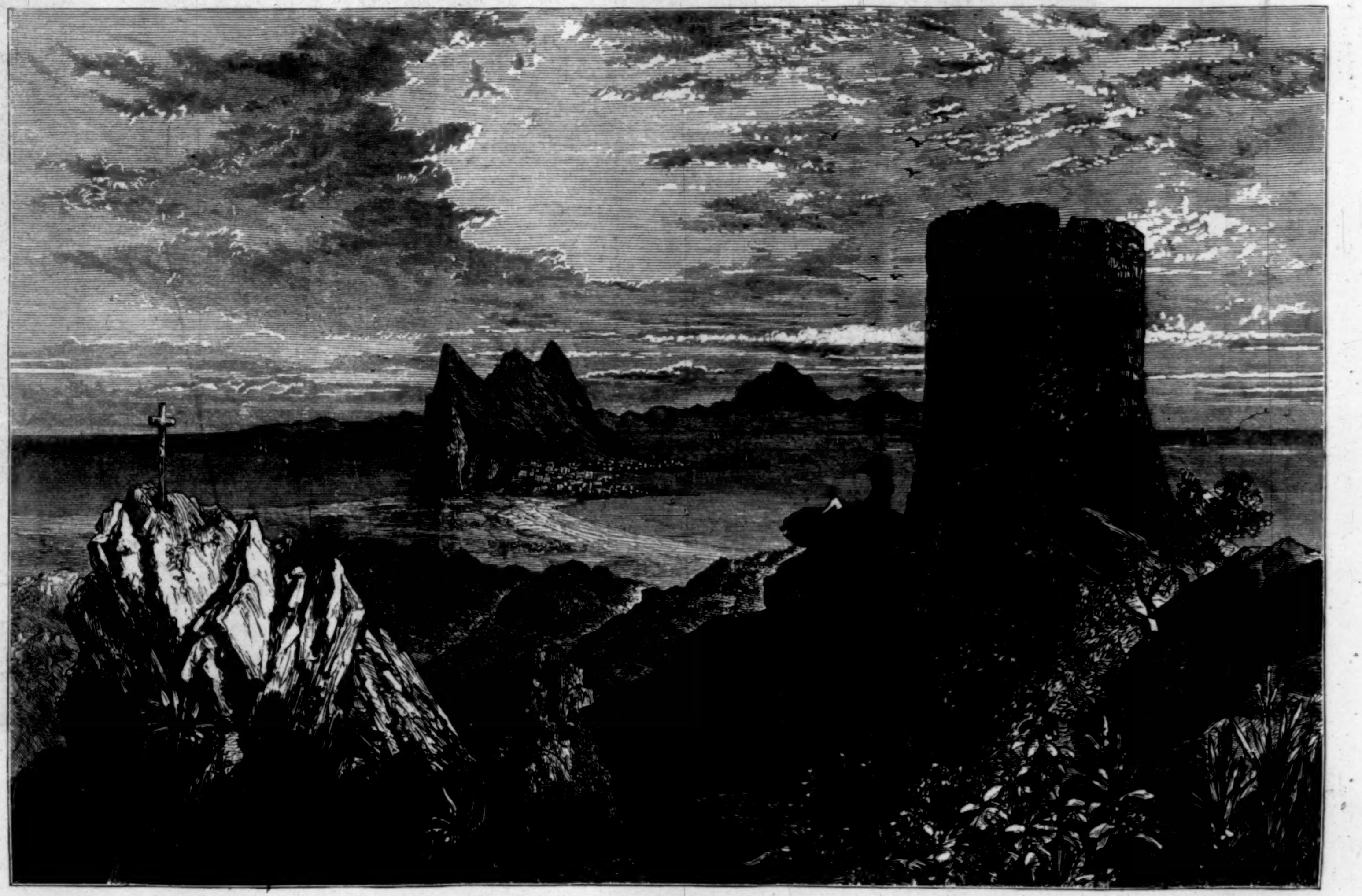
The view of the famous Rock of Gibraltar, which is given on this page, is one not generally selected by artists, and presents this remarkable freak of nature from an unusual point. Gibraltar is a rocky promontory about three miles in length and three-quarters of a mile in average breadth, which forms the southern extremity of Spain. It is situated at the end of a low peninsula, which connects it with Andalusia. This strip of land, extending from the rock to the Spanish territory, is called the "neutral ground." In the foreground of the picture we see the peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, which form the Spanish frontier; thence the eye passes over the low-lying land of the peninsula, while the rock stands in bold relief against the faint background of the African coast.

The approaches to Gibraltar, both from the neutral ground and from the sea, are guarded by a great number of very powerful batteries, and by fortifications so strong in themselves and in their relative bearing on each other that the rock may be fairly regarded as impregnable so long as a sufficient garrison remains for its defense, and sufficient provision for the maintenance of the troops and any civil inhabitants suffered to remain there during hostilities. There are no springs of fresh-water on the rock itself, and the inhabitants are therefore compelled to depend on the rain-fall. In consequence of this, every precaution is adopted to preserve as much of the water as possible. Tanks are fed systematically by the drops collected from private roofs, and conduits are made to guide the drainage from the rock surface into great public reservoirs. Among the latter the Navy Tank, for the supply of ships coming to the port, is conspicuous, its capacity being from 9000 to 11,000 tons of water. Large supplies of grain are maintained, in the case of siege; but the peninsula does not produce sufficient food at any time to sustain its population.

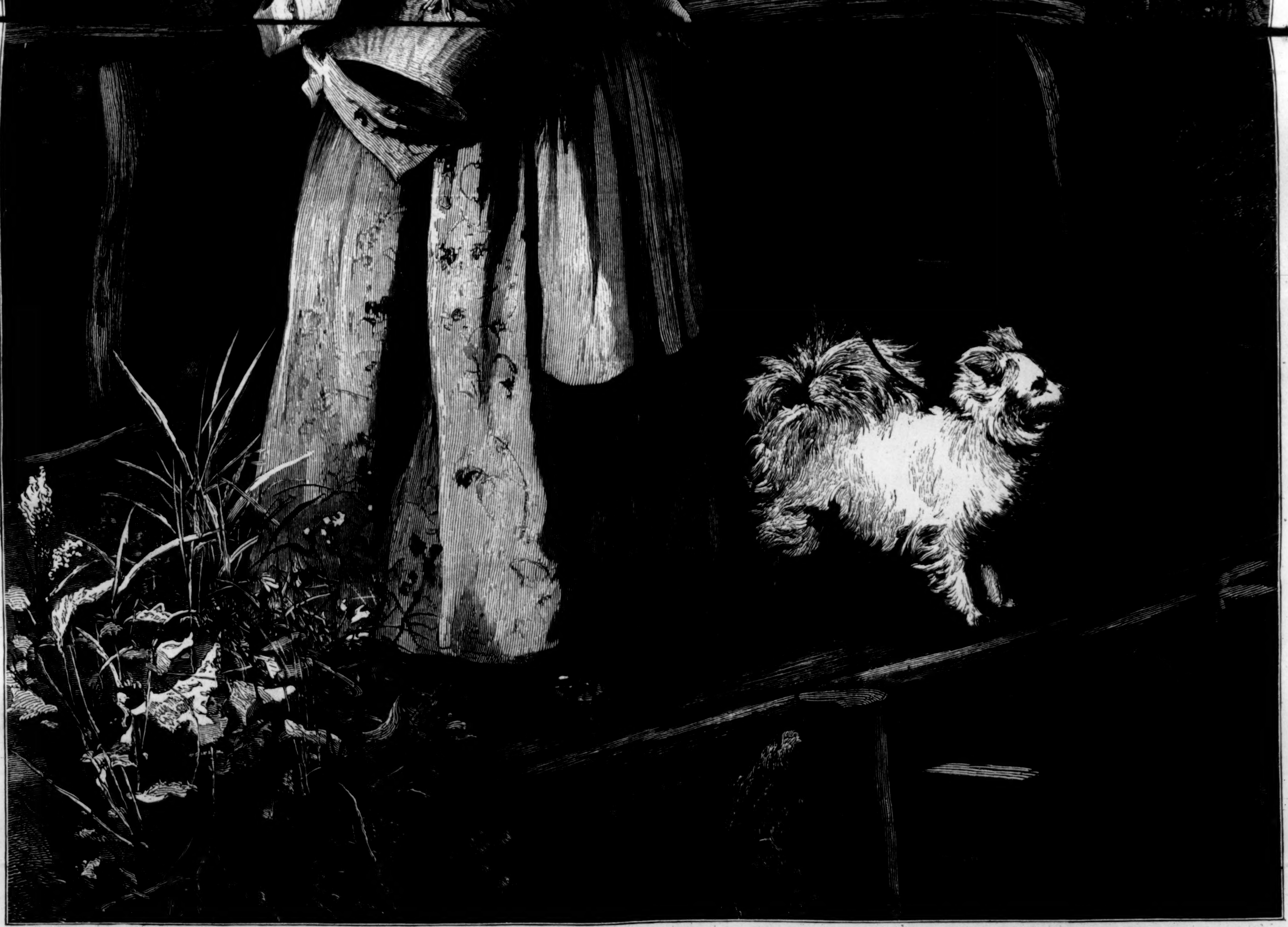
The rock is composed of gray primary marble, deposited in strata from twenty to forty feet thick. The surface near the sea is sandy and red in appearance; higher up, the rock is covered only with short or scanty grass or moss. Viewed from the sea, its aspect is uninviting, the whole appearance being utterly devoid of trees or verdure. In fact, however, there are grassy wooded glens in the nooks of the mountain. In the crevices of the rock grow asparagus, capers, palmitas, aloes, and cactuses, while the fauna disporting on the wild, rarely trodden upper portions comprise rabbits, partridges, pigeons, woodcocks, and fawn-colored Barbary apes. For various military reasons, shooting is discouraged, and these animals, therefore, enjoy entire immunity from the persecutions of sportsmen. The rock at its highest point, the Sugar-Loaf, attains an elevation of 1439 feet above the level of the sea. It is perforated by numerous caverns, the largest of which are called the "Halls of St. Michael."

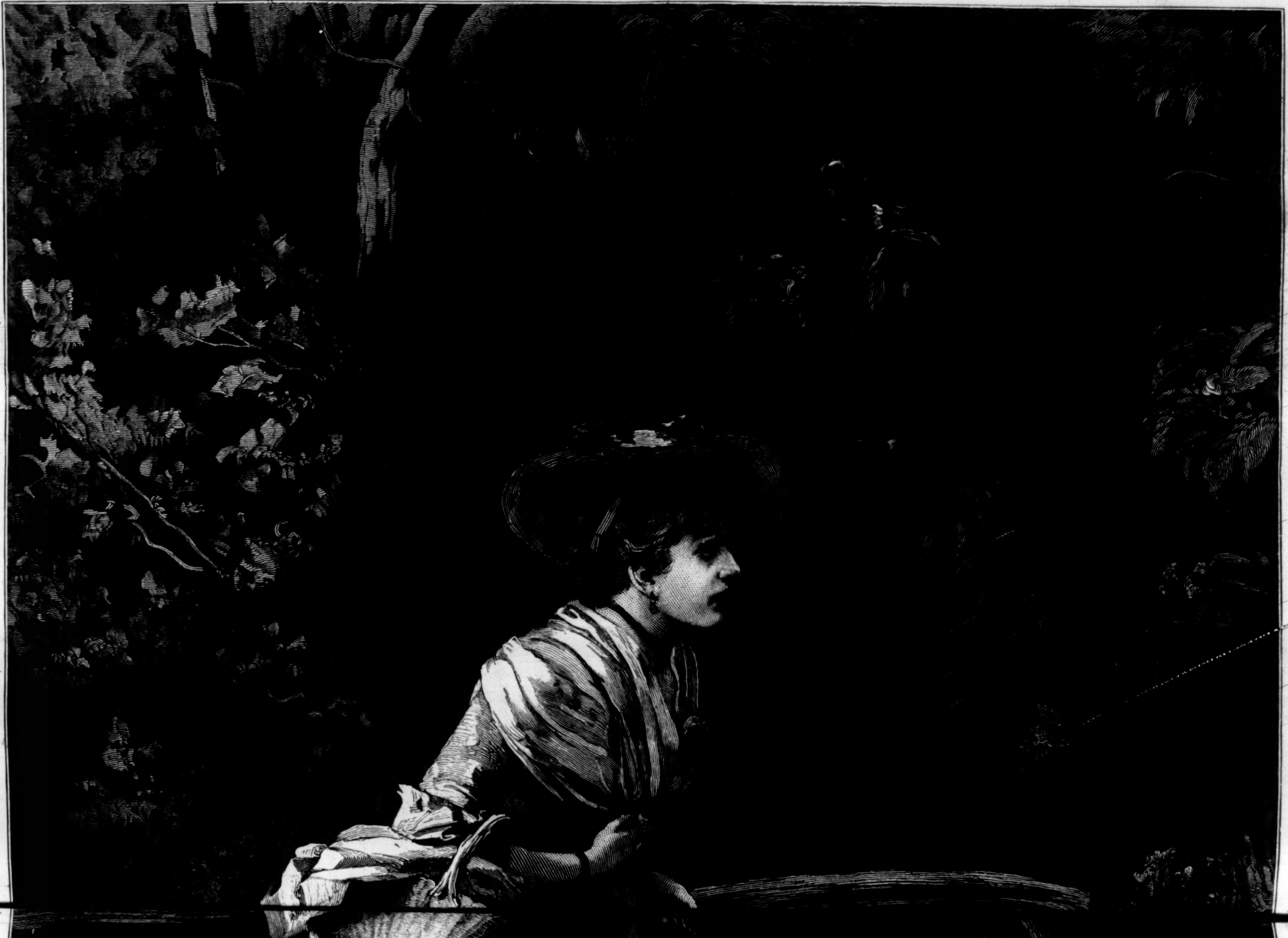
But for a short and concise as well as comprehensive description of the rock, we can not do better than refer our readers to Mr. Spry's *Cruise of the Challenger*, recently published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, from which we quote the following paragraph:

"Gibraltar was strongly fortified when it belonged to Spain, but its greatest and grandest works date from the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), when it became attached to England. Stupendous and incomparable are the works which since that period have been executed on it. Excellent and well-kept roads lead to the principal fortifications, which begin at an elevation of only a few hundred yards above the town. The galleries hewn in the solid rock, forming a kind of casemate, have been constructed at an immense expense of labor and money. Their extent is over a mile in length; and besides these galleries, passages run for miles in the interior of the rock, affording the garrison a thoroughly protected connection with all points that might be at any time threatened. The grandest and most imposing of these marvelous excavations are the Queen's Gallery and St. George's Hall, which, according to carved inscriptions, were mostly begun and completed between the years 1783 and 1789. At the period of our visit (1873) there were about 1800 guns mounted on the different fortifications. From the fortification a narrow and rather steep path leads to the signal station, at an elevation of 1300 feet above the level of the sea, where a sergeant of the Royal Artillery is placed in charge. From this point an excellent view is obtained of the blue waters of the Mediterranean and the many charming and picturesque Spanish villages situated on the western shores of the bay."



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR—THE NEUTRAL GROUND, VIEWED FROM THE SPANISH FRONTIER.



"WHAT'S THAT?"—[From a Drawing by H. Woods.]